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ANYTHING THAT MOVES

No. 19
Spring 1999

The Magazine for the Working Bisexual



**The Body Politic:
The Anatomy of a
(Very Political) Bust**

**What's So Illegal
About Sex?
Bi Sex Workers
Speak Out**

**Not My Child:
How Trans Kids End
Up on the Streets**

**Interview with Porn
Star Jeanna Fine**



ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

The Magazine for the Working Bisexual

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we *must* be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross *all* sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality.

There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves as anything at all, and find the word "bisexual" to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, or by the *ATM* staff.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about ANYTHING THAT MOVES: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves —

To Do It For Ourselves!

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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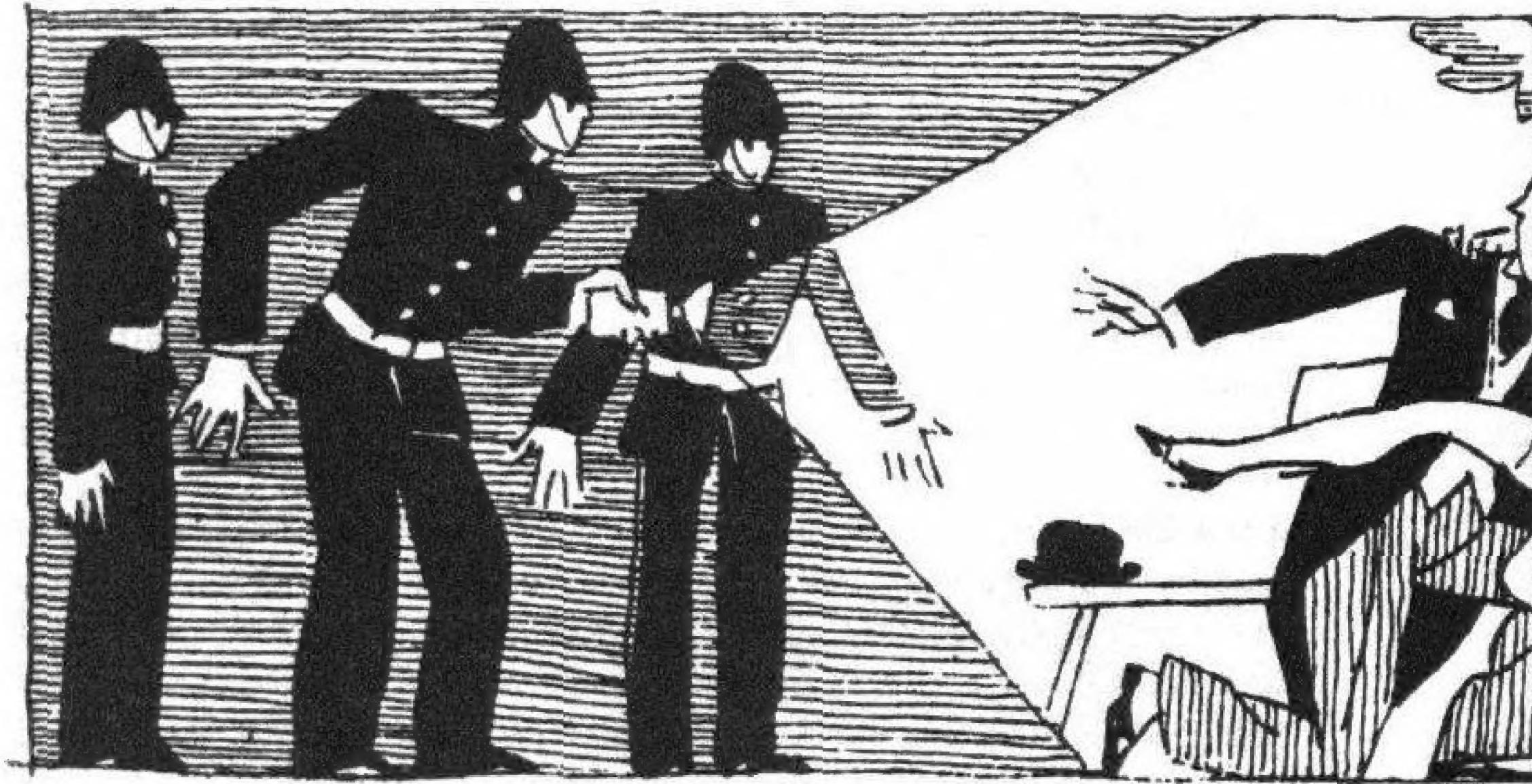
ANYTHING THAT MOVES

Issue #19

Contents

FEATURES

- | | |
|---|-----|
| What's So Illegal About Sex?
<i>by Andrea Michaela-Gonzalez</i> | 5. |
| Dancing Shadows
<i>Siobhan Brooks interviews Gina Gold</i> | 8. |
| Poem: Morphine on the Susquehanna
<i>by Kerry Shawn Keys</i> | 13. |
| Not My Child
<i>by Suzan Cooke</i> | 14. |
| Restoring the Past: The Dumas Hotel
<i>by Linda Howard</i> | 17. |
| Queen of the Girls
<i>by Julia Trahan</i> | 18. |



DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. Editorial: Labelous Statements
<i>by Anne Killpack</i> | |
| 3. Letters to the Editor | |
| 12. About the Cover:
<i>Vic St. Blaise and Carol "Scarlot Harlot" Leigh</i> | |
| 44. Dear Jane, Part Nine: The Show Must Go On
<i>by Jonathan Furst</i> | |
| 48. What Your Mother Never Told You | |
| 50. Reviews | |
| 54. News Briefs | |
| 60. Who's Watching Big Brother? | |
| 62. Bi Resources | |
| 63. ATM Submissions Guidelines | |
| 64. Red Hanky Panky comic
<i>by Rachael House</i> | |

- | | |
|--|-----|
| The Body Politic:
<i>The Anatomy of a (Very Political) Bust</i> | 22. |
| Photo Essay: Peace Within You
<i>by Patricia Kwon</i> | 26. |
| Troubles
<i>by Aaron Lawrence</i> | 28. |
| Poem: Rete Mirabile
<i>by Rob Lightner</i> | 31. |
| Sex, Power, and Identity
<i>Jack Random interviews Jeanna Fine</i> | 32. |
| Keeping the Sex in Sex Therapy
<i>by Linda Poelzl</i> | 36. |
| Standing on the In-Between
<i>by Adora</i> | 40. |

L A B E L O U S S T A T E M E N T S

Back in high school, if someone had in any way brought up the topic of my sexuality, I would have replied with an angry "It's none of your @#!%\$#! business." I would then have begun ranting about how everyone should have equal rights regardless of who or what they do or are until my victim gave up or went away. It was a defensive reflex; labels in school frequently translated into insults, and I wasn't sure if the biology-class definition of "bisexual" was something that should or could be applied to people as well as things in a petri dish.

I've always known I was attracted to women and men. My childhood was insulated in a lot of ways, but it didn't keep great literature away from me, and great literature is full of bisexuals, both in the author's bio and between the sheets — er, pages. I knew I wasn't the first or only one to feel that way, and as a budding writer, I enjoyed the connection. But I wasn't *bisexual*. The only time I'd heard the term was occasionally in reference to various androgynous rock stars, most of whom never seemed to actually come out and say the word (Elton John and David Bowie excepted). I grew up in a don't-define-it, just-do-it environment. Privately, I decided that I was some sort of artsy freak who didn't play by any of those old-fashioned rules, and hoped someday I'd find another one like me. Or at least a girlfriend.

I was 20 years old before I met an actual out bisexual and learned that there was a real movement. Wary of the "persecuted minority" mindset and who knows what else, I listened and watched and learned — but didn't really commit. Did their "bisexual" mean the same thing as mine? What did they do about it? Did I count if I hadn't gotten past first base with a girl yet? Did it matter? And were these people anyone I wanted to be friends with? Sharing a sexual orientation didn't necessarily mean I'd like them...

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS: ANNE KILLPACK

Five years later, I have a 'bisexual pride' pin on my jacket. I work for *Anything That Moves*. I am out, loud and vocal about bi rights. On some levels, I still don't like labels, but these days I find myself defending the need for coming out as bisexual. Why? Because — whether you call yourself bisexual or polysexual or multisexual or pansexual or me-sexual or refuse to be labeled altogether — if you are like me and find people attractive regardless of their sex or gender, then we *need* you.

We need you to stand with us so that none of us feel alone. How many teenagers gave up looking for others like them? How many people fail to support our movement because they never even knew we were here? And how many have been scarred by being told that they're shameful, unworthy, confused, fickle, even traitorous because they love outside of the boundaries?

We need you to stand with us to tell the gay movement and the lesbian movement that we do not fit into their definitions, that we cannot stand behind their lines unless and until they stand with us. We need to tell the straight world the same thing. If we stand outside the bi movement, if we hide in the gay or straight crowd and refuse to stand behind the bisexual banner in the parade because of a perceived semantic error, then who will stand for us? I stepped up to become a bi activist because I thought someone should. I was only partially right. We *all* should.

So okay, it's important to be out, but why, specifically, be out as bisexual? The term is awkward, to say the least. It implies a duality of gender, whereas many of us see a fluidity or a continuum of genders. It carries a weight of ugly stereotypes. Well, so did "gay" and "lesbian" when their movements started. At least no one calls other kids on playgrounds bisexual as an insult — we've gotten a head start there. It has even been argued lately that bisexuality is trendy, or at least chic. Instead of rejecting the label for what our detractors think of it, we should find the strength to take it back for ourselves, use this energy, reclaim the word, redefine it to fit us. In redefining the word, we change the language; in changing the language, we change the way people think.

We need to take a stand, behind one banner, one movement, and one name. Why bisexual? Because it is the oldest, most inclusive label we've got, and it carries more weight than the others. (I am *not* just saying this because *ATM* might have to change our stationery.) We people who love regardless of sex or gender have issues that the gay and lesbian or straight communities do not cover. We *need* a place of our own, and we need to address our own issues and present a united front of our larger-than-suspected numbers to the larger world.

And why, for heaven's sake, should we poly-perverse people limit ourselves to one label anyway? Be a polysexual bisexual. Be a bi-dyke or a bi-gay or a bi-androgyne or a bi-anything-that-moves-you. (At last SF Pride, we sold an awful lot of 'bi-dyke' stickers, mostly to men. We're obviously not confined by our labels.)

If you can't bear to call yourself bisexual, even if you might fit someone's definition — or if you truly aren't bi, but think we have the right to be — then get a pin that says "I Support The Bisexual Movement" and wear that. We won't turn down the support of our friends and families just because they're not bisexual. The battle for our rights and freedoms is the most important thing in the long run, and we can use all the help we can get.

Aside from "bisexual" and "Production Manager of Anything That Moves", Anne Killpack accepts the labels "blue-eyed", "black-leather-wearing freak", "polyamorous" and "sleep-deprived."

LETTERS: CYBER, SNAIL, AND PSYCHIC

THANKS FROM TOKYO

Hello. I'm a Japanese bisexual. I'm writing this letter in Tokyo, where I grew up. I'm a songwriter and a poet who works as a translator for a living. I've been reading *ATM* for two and a half years, since I first found this amazing magazine at Tower Books in Tokyo. As far as I know, this is the only place that has *ATM* in this big city. It's really sad, because I love this magazine a lot and wish a lot more people had a chance to read it.

Let me tell you about Japan a little bit now. We have a culture that is totally different from yours. We were told not to speak frankly, not to laugh out loud, to always fit the society, and being different is wrong. Things've been changing for the better in the last 10 years for gay and lesbian people, but still there doesn't seem to be any place for bisexual people. In Japan, there are lots of community organizations for gays and lesbians. There are lots of magazines for them, but none for us.

Here's my experience as a bisexual: I once fell in love with this lesbian woman, but what she told me was, "I don't like bisexual women because I can't stand being left for a guy." I also had a boyfriend who kept telling me not to leave him for a girl. I still cannot help wondering if bisexuals should only date bisexuals. It's just like someone said in *ATM*, I feel like I don't belong anywhere. And where there's no community for bisexuals, it seems really hard to find someone special. I believe this is a big problem we have.

Well, about *ATM* — I translated some articles into Japanese and let my bisexual friends read them. They loved them a lot, too. A little while ago, *Out Magazine* had its Japanese version. I wish someday you could publish *ATM* in Japanese, too. We are waiting. Anyway, thank you for having time to read this letter. Please keep publishing, and I'll keep reading.

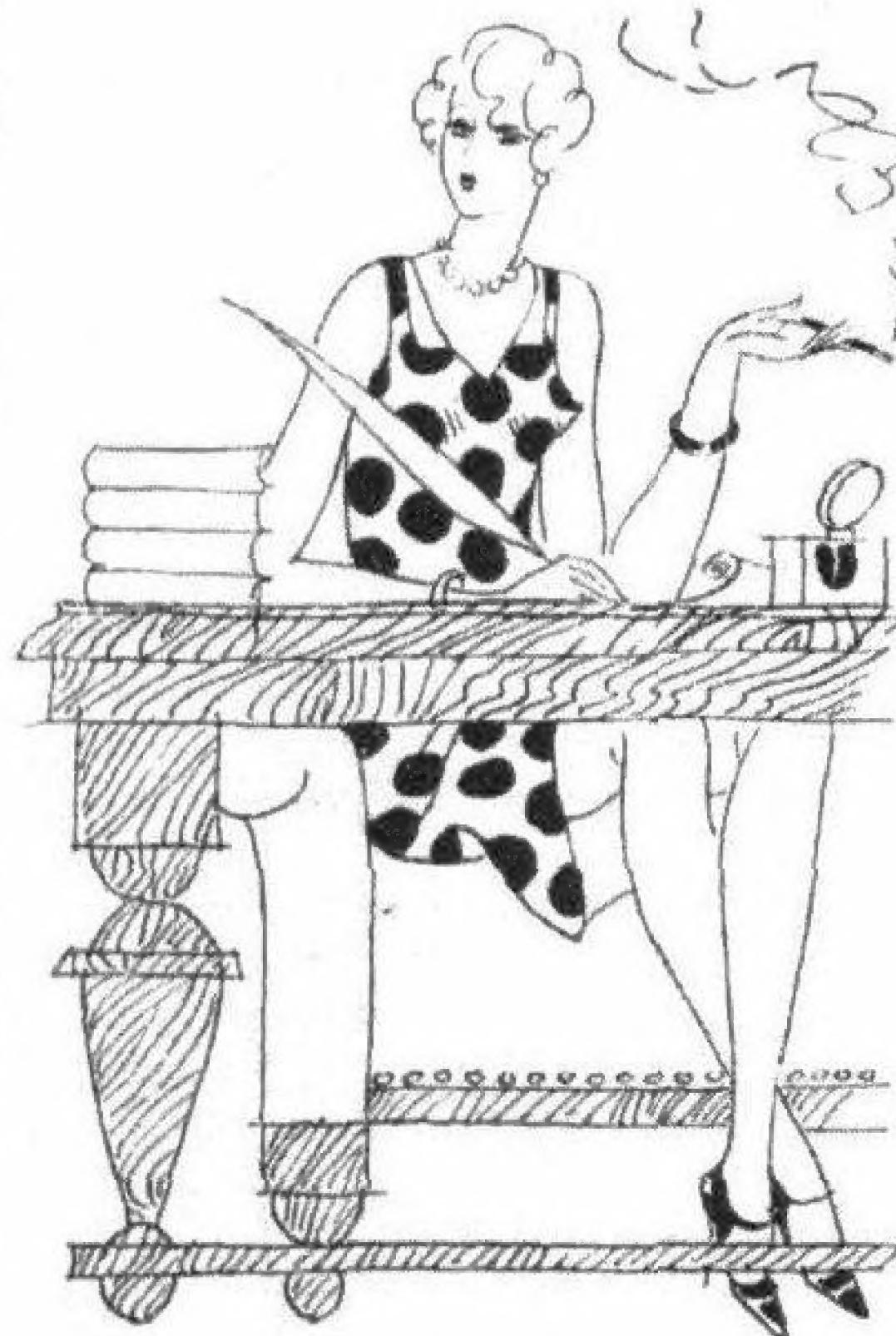
Yours,
Atsuko Irie
Tokyo, Japan

NON-INCLUSIVENESS?

I have a problem with your magazine (note, I didn't say *my* magazine) because I don't

identify with it and am beginning to wonder about all this bold, frontier-traversing "inclusiveness." On the other hand, it's possible that Mark and his fearlessly led bisexuals are human beings who are being as inclusive as they can and don't dare to include me, but will get there later.

Here is my secret sexual expression: In an ideal world or in a few years time, I hope to be married — as far as the laws of Canada permit, or if not, just spiritually married — to two women. Two bisexual women. Who will, I presume, love each other as much as



each of them love me, as much as I love each of them, which makes three couples or one marvelous triple unity! And yes, I am proudly bisexual, and can probably produce certificates from male and female exes to prove it if you insist.

Now, here is the non-inclusive bit (I didn't say you were excluding me)... in the last couple years of reading *ATM*, I have seen one, count them, one reference to female-male-female triads, and guess what? It was in Auntie and Uncle's advice column. Guess what? They don't like it. Guess why? Because they think it's a typical male hetero fantasy.

Oh, and since we're on the subject, I have also noticed that *ATM* is getting more and more into TG stuff, which doesn't leave

space for the real nitty-gritty, tough, dangerous writing about a woman who extends her hetero relationship to another woman, or about a man who opens his straight marriage to another woman, or two male (female) lovers, one of whom also loves another male (female). Somebody might get hurt if you started writing about real life... somebody on the *ATM* staff might be vulnerable, and well, transgendered people are sort of, er, ah, fashionable. Right?

So are you evading issues? Are you excluding me? Or, should I believe as I want to, gorgeous bi girls and hunky bi guys, that you're working on your personal inclusiveness?

Whether or not you publish my letter, I hope it makes you think. Not "squirm," but reflect that some of us really, really want to live our (triad) life. Yes, it's conventional and bourgeois, but... 1. Every lesbian I know would like it if only to have children and men without giving up their freedom, and 2. We have a lot of fun, support, loving, caring, honesty, and good sex.

Incredibly sincerely yours,
N. Barbour
via cyberspace

WAS RITA MAE BROWN BI?

Dear *ATM*:

Reading *Rita Will*, a 1997 memoir by Rita Mae Brown, I stumbled on this: "Much as I love women, I am not immune to the charms of the opposite sex — if they act like men." (ch.57, p.300) Well! Perhaps *ATM* should try to interview her?

Tortuga Bi Liberty
San Francisco, CA

WE NEED *ATM'S* HUMAN TOUCH

I just wanted to say a big thank you for publishing material like Heather Franek's in issue 17. It is such a relief, in a way, to read a compassionate and reflective article from a person who does not only have experiences but also examines the world around her, and that in such a moving way lacking all bravado or pretense that, unfortunately, is so

See "Letters" (p.4)

Letters (from p.3)

uncommon on the 'gay web', so to speak. It is not only the analytical identification of the issues in TS but the very human approach that our cruel and cynical world lacks. Thank you very much for great reading.

Yours,
Paulina Varchavskia
via cyberspace

WHAT A FANTASTIC MAGAZINE!

Hi! I just heard about your magazine when we received a shipment at the bookstore I work at for the first time today. My co-workers and I bounced with glee — what a fantastic magazine! I was wondering how long you guys have been publishing this great mag. I heard eight years or so? Just curious!

Amy Starnes
via cyberspace

ESSAY LEFT A NASTY TASTE

I was pretty happy with the last issue, but what on earth were you thinking with that nasty essay by Franek? It started out okay — I'm a trans person dating a trans person, and I was interested in an honest piece on how tricky that can be. I'm also very sad about how much trouble a lot of us — FTMs and MTFs, but especially MTFs — have in finding non-abusive people to date, and it was nice to see that mentioned. Then, suddenly, we veered off into the realm of complete and vicious stereotype. Trans women have no right to be in women's space because of their male privilege? Well, hello there, Ms. Dworkin. What on earth are you doing writing for *Anything That Moves*? Since you seem to have missed a decade:

1) There is no universal female experience of sexism. What has been called a universal female experience of sexism, is usually the experience of a very restricted group of wealthy white women who would no more welcome a recent dark-skinned Muslim non-trans immigrant like my lesbian housemate than they would PK. (Ask me for more detail, and I'll tell you about how feminist separatist groups treat a non-trans Muslim woman in hijab. Then tell me about how nurturing separatist women's spaces are.)

2) Trans women are female, therefore trans women's childhood experiences *are* female experiences, as valid as non-trans women's are. Getting harassed by boys in a locker room because you're girly is as female an experience as bonding with the other white girls over how fat you are and better not eat that last piece of cake. Get over it.

3) Trans women do not invent the standards of female beauty. Trans women suffer from those standards as much as non-trans women do. More, since if trans women do not meet doctors' standards of female beauty they are denied hormones and other treatment. Trans women also do not run around with male privilege oppressing other women. That's advertisers and politicians you're thinking of, honey. Can you name a single member of Congress who's trans?

4) Non-trans people often blame trans people for the sexism of the world, with statements about how much more rigid trans people are about gender roles. It's transphobia my dear. Much like white people saying that people of color are responsible for fixing racism.

5) If a non-trans woman is bossy, loud, and dominates meetings, other non-trans women talk about how assertive and sexy she is. If a trans woman does exactly the same thing, she's showing her male privilege. Huh?

Reading this essay left me with a nasty taste in my mouth, and a great deal of worry about PK's mental health. If Franek is this transphobic on paper, I certainly wouldn't risk dating her.

Love and Kisses
Nadyalec
via cyberspace

THE "TRUE NORTH"

First, I want to tell you what an awesome magazine you have. Until recently, I didn't know about *ATM*. A friend offered to lend me an issue she thought I might find interesting. She was surprised to learn I hadn't heard of *ATM* (being the totally bi chick I am), so here I am. I'm 38, a post-op T/S, great breast implants, tall, attractive, athletic, blonde Vixen! [That's meant to sound confident, not vain.] But I live in Victoria, British Columbia. Beautiful city, but 20

years behind in queer & T/S issues! My friend, Tathra, lent me the Summer '98 issue, #17. It dealt mainly with T/S stuff, which is obviously why she thought of me.

Which leads me to my questions. I would like to vacation in San Francisco or L.A. and truly experience the T/S lifestyle/clubs/events, etc. Any suggestions, phone numbers, organizations, etc., would be greatly appreciated.

The other question is perhaps trickier. I have to be honest; the article, "It's What You Think You See That Counts", by Andrea Michaela-Gonzalez had me so *hot* I could barely stand it! It has fueled my (ahem) "auto-stimulation" for awhile.

I realize this probably goes against a bunch of rules, but I would love it if you could put me in touch with Andrea M-G. We're definitely "cut" from the same cloth! Let me know what you can and can't do with regard to reaching Andrea. I can certainly understand the reluctance of being contacted by a stranger (from a foreign country, no less).

Last but not least, the bisexual explanation on the inside cover is marvelous. I find it extremely frustrating to describe being bi to friends. I have photocopied it and will always have it to assist in trying to get through to people.

Thanks again. As I said, any help with T/S info and contacting Andrea M-G would be way cool.

Your bi-trans friend from the "True North"
Ingrid
via cyberspace

EQUALITY FOR ALL

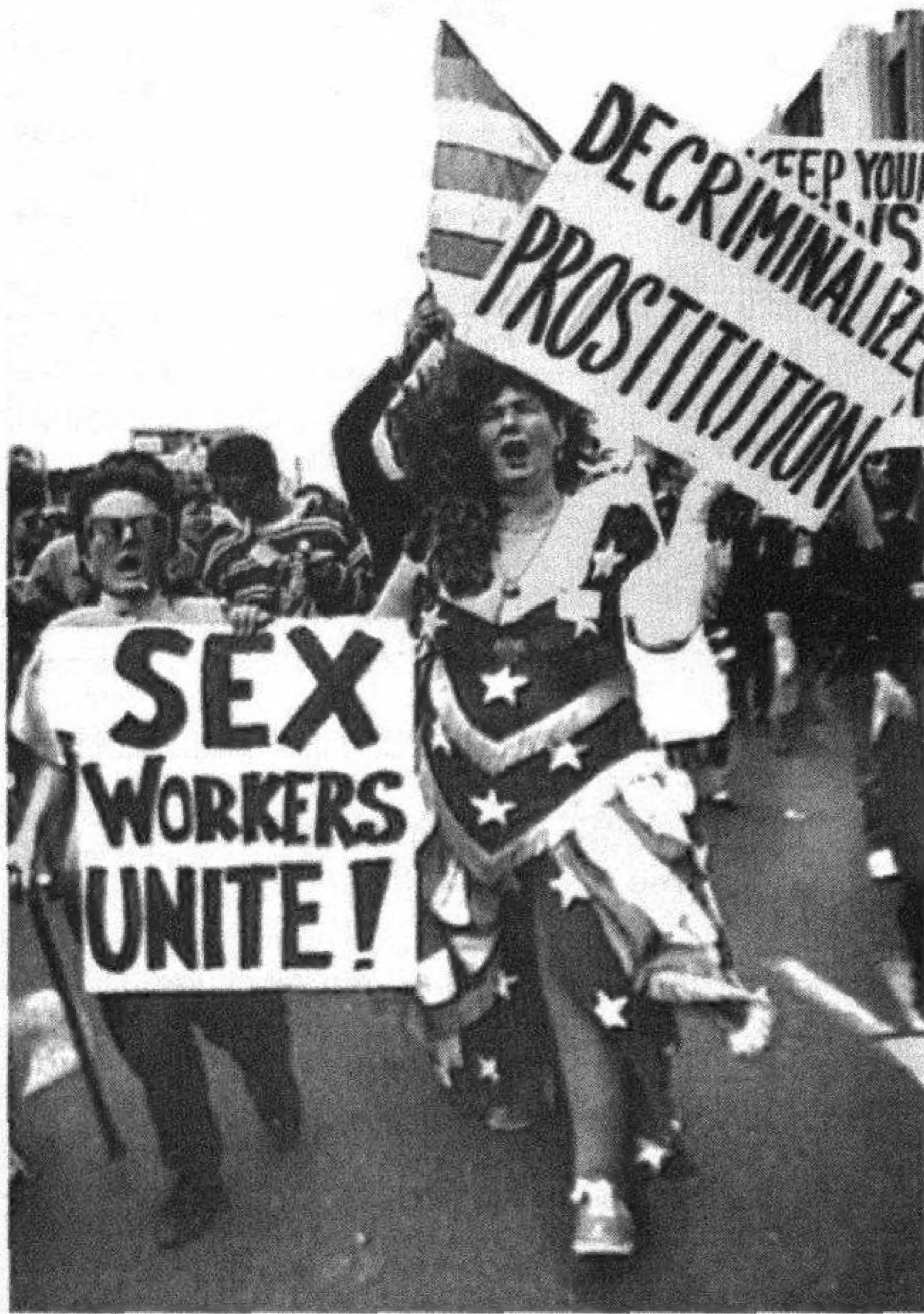
Please accept this expression of my heartfelt thanks to Andrea Gonzalez for her insightful and inspiring article on Matthew Shephard and the struggle for equality for all. HRC would let those of us who don't pass for straight to continue hanging by a thread while providing opportunities for those who do to reap the benefits of straightness. Thank you for pointing out the injustice of it all.

Diane M. Torrance
Cincinnati, OH

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, **xeroxed body parts**, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, *Anything That Moves*, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600 USA, or email: letters@anythingthatmoves.com. Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.

What's So Illegal About Sex?

by Andrea Michaela-Gonzalez



As much as we at *Anything That Moves* wish to avoid tagging undesired labels on people, it becomes difficult in this instance. The term "sex worker" is an amorphous one. Its meaning is not even agreed upon by those who work in the sex industry, but for the purposes of this magazine, we're using the term to refer to anyone whose job includes entering physical or mental sexual space — from phone sex operators, strippers, and porn actors to prostitutes, dominatrices and sex surrogates, and anyone else whose job revolves around sexual contact of some sort.

Perhaps it's not immediately obvious, but the crossovers between the bisexual and sex workers communities are very real. For one thing, bisexuality (or at least the appearance of it) is practically a job requirement — the obvious image of straight women pretending to be "lesbians" for mainstream porn comes to mind. Less obvious is the fact that many of the actors are gay men, and many of the actresses are lesbian. Many also engage in bisexual behaviors, whether they identify that way or not. We share the same neighborhoods, the same clubs and events, and often, the same friends.

See "Illegal Sex?" (p.6)

Illegal Sex? (from p.5)

We also share a problem with repressive sex laws.

In a lot of ways, we here in San Francisco have it good. California's sodomy laws fell two decades ago. We're getting more and stronger anti-discrimination laws covering sexual orientation. Gender identity protections are slowly moving into the mainstream, although I expect it will be several decades more before the legendary "transsexual job-interview runaround" really goes away. In the pressed-collar concrete caverns of the Financial District, out queer people can generally work without fear for their jobs or their lives, and transgendered and transsexual people are even moving into the realm of the everyday.

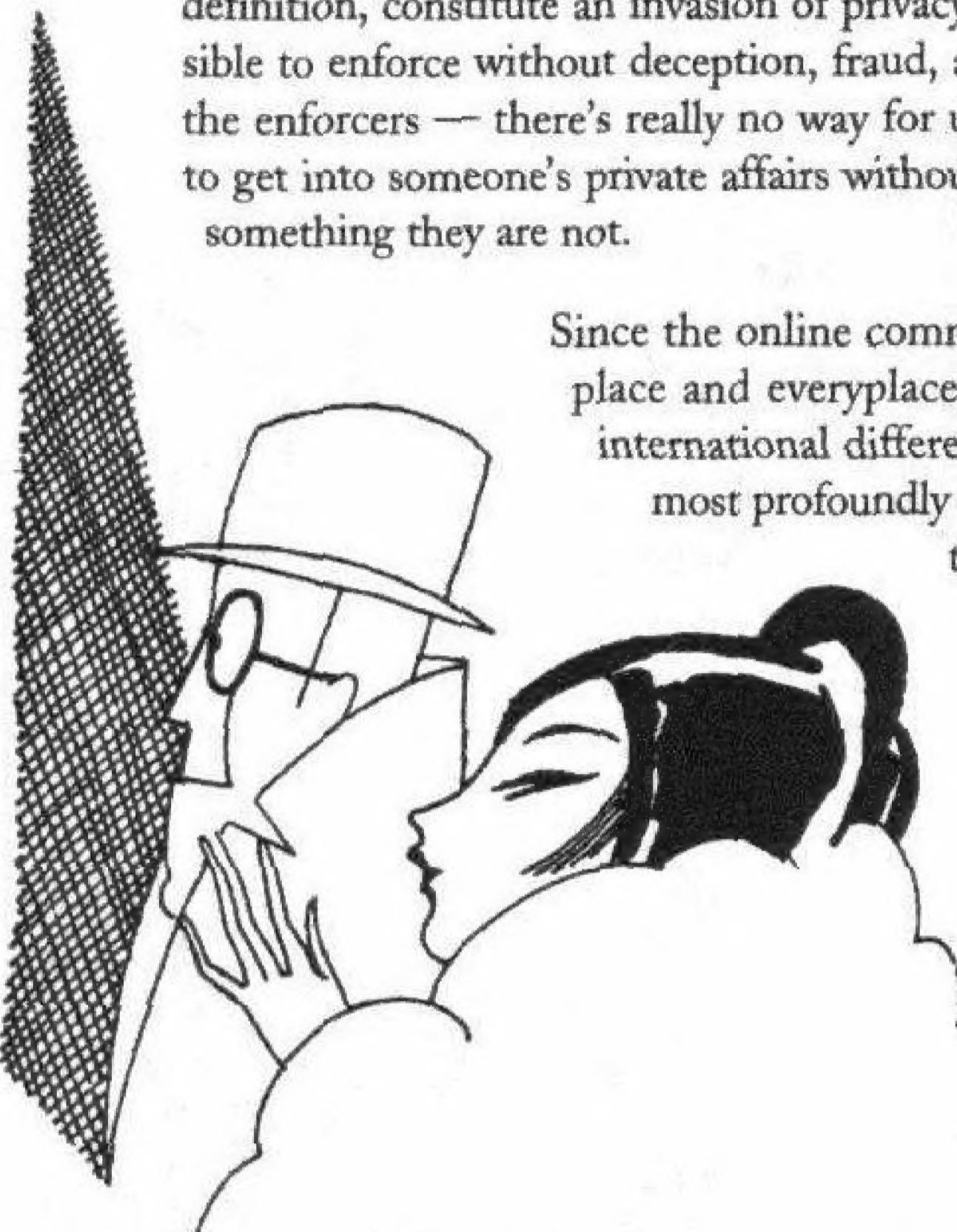
The phenomenon that the "mainstream" can only handle one issue at a time seems unlikely to go away anytime soon, however — it seems there's always at least one sexual minority left behind. In many parts of the United States, police still actively harass and arrest gays and lesbians. Here in San Francisco, queer folk are pretty much left alone; gay sex clubs thrive and BDSM has become mainstream — pretty much anything goes as long as it remains "amateur." However, the police here work overtime going after "professionals" — sex workers.

Compare this to England, where commercial sex is not a crime *per se*, although all auxiliary necessities for the

trade — advertising, work space, etc. — remain criminalized. There, however, police actively infiltrate the BDSM scene. In the recent Spanner case, they actually prosecuted and jailed "bottoms" for aiding and abetting an assault on themselves! [For more details, see "Who's Watching Big Brother" in Issue 17, p.61. — Ed.] And so it goes on.

Laws regulating private consensual adult sexual behavior, by definition, constitute an invasion of privacy. They are impossible to enforce without deception, fraud, and entrapment by the enforcers — there's really no way for undercover officers to get into someone's private affairs without pretending to be something they are not.

Since the online community is both one place and everyplace, the national and international differences come to light most profoundly on the Internet. In the same forum where Bay Area computer users post reports of companies which have progressive policies describing the handling of on-the-job



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transitions, a Saudi Arabian transsexual contemplates the possibility of transition in a country that sentences crossdressers to death. In another newsgroup, British women gawk in amazement at the San Franciscan openness about BDSM, and U.S. women gawk back at the openness of the U.K. and Australia-based whores. It becomes impossible to talk about sex without talking about the culture in which it exists.

For queers and the gender-different, this patchwork of freedoms and oppressions is especially frustrating since so many of us carry multiple marginalizations. Sexual xenophobia comes in constantly changing forms, and one legal loophole can render all other protections more or less void. Think how many things have to change before a queer-identified, pre-op MTF, professional BDSM sex worker is really protected anywhere.

What does this have to do with us? *Everything.* In this issue, we present voices from a community still waiting to see progressive change — the complex pseudo-community of sex workers. Heterosexual and queer alike, they remain legally stigmatized, and they are likely to be the last in the nation to see reform.

Suzan Cooke is a bisexual transsexual woman and former prostitute currently living in Los Angeles who began her "coming out" as herself in San Francisco during the 1967 Summer of Love, when the word "transition," the Benjamin Standards of Care, and the psychological concept of "Gender Identity Disorder" were still a decade in the future. In "Not My Child" (p.14), she paints a disturbing portrait of the familial abandonment, institutionalized physical and psychological abuse, desperation, sex work, and suicide that many trans youth encounter when they come out or are outed as gender different.

If the lack of choice many trans youth face is one extreme, the choices made by Teri Goodson are definitely another. A quiet woman of 42 with a middle-class background, Teri Goodson doesn't seem like the kind of person who would be in trouble with the law. She is well-liked; as she walks through the hallway of her apartment building, neighbors smile and exchange friendly, familiar greetings. Nonetheless, this rather normal-looking, unobtrusive neighbor is a woman of notoriety — she's an "out" prostitute, who started working in the brothels of Northern Nevada at 29, a COYOTE — Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics member who went on to found an independent organization called the Cyprian Guild. In mid-1998 she started her own escort agency, Qadisha of San Francisco. And as of late January 1999, she's facing three years in jail on felony charges as an alleged madam. The story of her

arrest — "The Body Politic" (p.22) — parallels the process by which police "sting" gay bars back East, and by which the British "Spanner" group was brought down.

Contrary to popular mainstream perception, not all sex workers are desperate, in trouble with the law, or otherwise victimized. In fact, not all of them are female, either. In his piece, "Troubles" (p.28), New York-area resident Aaron Lawrence shares a page from his life, and a glimpse into the everyday life of a successful male escort.

There are more parts of the trade than escorts and streetwalkers and prostitutes, and we're privileged to hear from two women who have worked in other parts of the sex industry. In "Dancing Shadows" (p.8) author and former exotic dancer Gina Gold discusses her experiences as a woman of color in the strip clubs of San Francisco and Hawaii. Also appearing in this issue is "Sex, Power, and Identity" (p.32), wherein Jeanna Fine shares her point of view about life, work, and childraising while making a living as a stripper and porn actress.

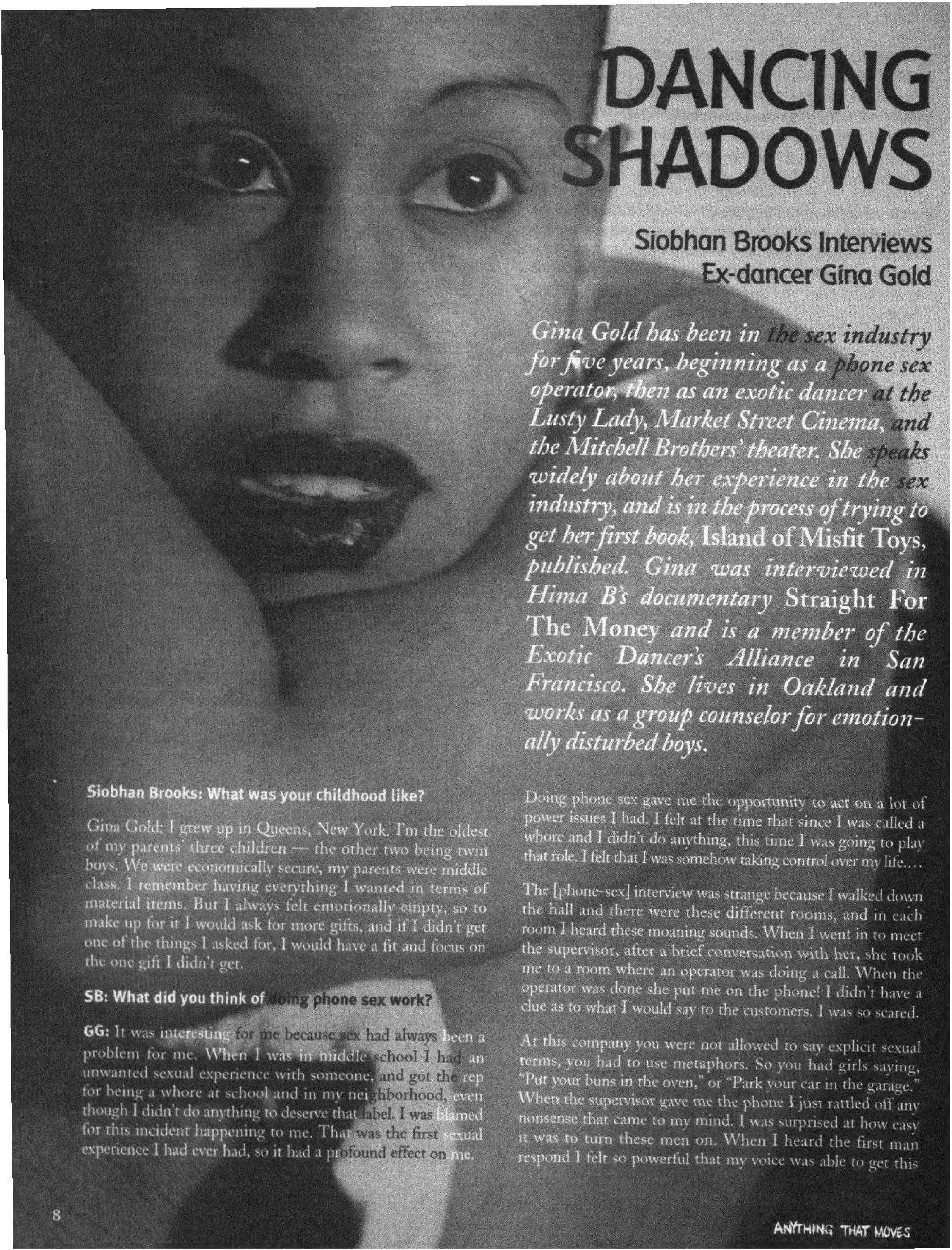
Finally, we have an unusual twist — a woman for whom sex with paying clients is a perfectly legal occupation, right here in California. Some would consider her a therapist, some would consider her a callgirl (although she would disagree), and some might say both. You can decide for yourself as Linda Poelzl describes her work as a sex surrogate in "Keeping the Sex in Sex Therapy."

Six people do not make a conclusive sample, but six real-life firsthand accounts aren't meaningless, either. And if Norma Jean Almodovar gets her way, the historic Dumas Brothel in Butte, Montana will host the International Sex Worker Foundation for Art, Culture and Education's Cultural Center and Museum ("Restoring the Past: The Dumas Hotel", p.17).

So that's the feature focus for this issue. We can't wait to see the mail.

Andrea Michaela-Gonzalez lives in San Francisco and is a staff writer at Anything That Moves. A sex-positive bisexual woman, she prefers that the government remain outside her bedroom door (unless she chooses to invite it in).





DANCING SHADOWS

**Siobhan Brooks Interviews
Ex-dancer Gina Gold**

Gina Gold has been in the sex industry for five years, beginning as a phone sex operator, then as an exotic dancer at the Lusty Lady, Market Street Cinema, and the Mitchell Brothers' theater. She speaks widely about her experience in the sex industry, and is in the process of trying to get her first book, Island of Misfit Toys, published. Gina was interviewed in Hima B's documentary Straight For The Money and is a member of the Exotic Dancer's Alliance in San Francisco. She lives in Oakland and works as a group counselor for emotionally disturbed boys.

Siobhan Brooks: What was your childhood like?

Gina Gold: I grew up in Queens, New York. I'm the oldest of my parents' three children — the other two being twin boys. We were economically secure, my parents were middle class. I remember having everything I wanted in terms of material items. But I always felt emotionally empty, so to make up for it I would ask for more gifts, and if I didn't get one of the things I asked for, I would have a fit and focus on the one gift I didn't get.

SB: What did you think of doing phone sex work?

GG: It was interesting for me because sex had always been a problem for me. When I was in middle school I had an unwanted sexual experience with someone, and got the rep for being a whore at school and in my neighborhood, even though I didn't do anything to deserve that label. I was blamed for this incident happening to me. That was the first sexual experience I had ever had, so it had a profound effect on me.

Doing phone sex gave me the opportunity to act on a lot of power issues I had. I felt at the time that since I was called a whore and I didn't do anything, this time I was going to play that role. I felt that I was somehow taking control over my life....

The [phone-sex] interview was strange because I walked down the hall and there were these different rooms, and in each room I heard these moaning sounds. When I went in to meet the supervisor, after a brief conversation with her, she took me to a room where an operator was doing a call. When the operator was done she put me on the phone! I didn't have a clue as to what I would say to the customers. I was so scared.

At this company you were not allowed to say explicit sexual terms, you had to use metaphors. So you had girls saying, "Put your buns in the oven," or "Park your car in the garage." When the supervisor gave me the phone I just rattled off any nonsense that came to my mind. I was surprised at how easy it was to turn these men on. When I heard the first man respond I felt so powerful that my voice was able to get this

reaction from this man. Power was something that was very important to me, because I felt so powerless at the time.

SB: What kind of women worked there?

GG: It was really funny, because the company advertised the women to be these California babes with big tits and blond hair, and the number was 777-WETT. But most of the women that worked there were young black girls from the ghetto. The company also advertised Asian women for the hard porn line, and it would be different types of models modeling for the ads, but the women were all us.

The strange thing was that the customers did not even notice that the women weren't white. The customers would ask the girls to describe themselves, and in their ghetto twang they would say that they had blond hair and blue eyes. I mean it was really bad, because they sounded ghetto telling the customers they were white. The men fell for it. It got to a point where I had no respect for the customers and I would stop talking in the middle of a call and tell a coworker to get me some fish and chips from the store while the customer was still on the line. I would still hear the customer on the other end going, "Oooohhhh." I was getting fed up with the job.

SB: When did you start stripping?

GG: Well, one of my co-workers also worked at the Lusty Lady [*a San Francisco strip club - Ed.*] and she always suggested that if I wanted more money I should come work at the Lusty Lady. I always felt that I could never ever strip. I felt that my body wasn't good enough and that I was too shy. My co-worker kept stressing that it was a feminist theater with women managers, and at that time I had never heard of strip clubs and feminism mixing with each other. So I told her that there was no such thing as a feminist theater, and I kept telling myself that because I didn't want to hear that there could be I went home and thought about it and I started to ask her questions about the work environment. She told me to come down for an audition. I went down a few days later and auditioned and was hired by the show director. I asked the show director how she could define herself as a feminist and still dance. She told me that there was nothing wrong with being a sex worker, and that it was possible for sex workers to actually be feminist. I had just never combined the two before.

SB: What were your relationships like with other dancers?

GG: When I was at the Lusty Lady, my relationship with dancers was very distant in the beginning. It took me a while before I was comfortable with the women because I didn't want to make the fact that I was stripping real. I felt that I had to keep everyone at a distance because this wasn't my real life, and these women could never be my friends.... I kept telling myself that the whole experience of dancing wasn't real, and that I was only going to do it for three months, not five years. It was just too scary for me to acknowledge it as real.

I also had a intimate relationship with a woman outside of the Lusty, which distracted me from interacting with my coworkers. At that point I was comfortable working in the industry, but when the relationship ended it forced me to interact with my co-workers.

SB: As you engaged yourself more in dancing, what did you notice change in yourself?

GG: I always felt that I was separate from myself; everything seemed hazy, like a dream — very surreal, like it wasn't happening. I would work at night and the mirrors, the lights, the whole stage didn't feel real. It was really weird for me. I felt like I was in a neon fish tank with these nude women that I didn't know dancing next to me while windows were constantly going up and down.

I hated the way the mirrors softened and distorted my body, which I think had to do with the fact that I didn't have a high self-esteem about my body. I had to get used to women studying nude in the dressing room; it was like a lounge at college, but after a while women walking around nude with books became natural for me. I didn't

"I always felt that I was separate from myself; everything seemed hazy, like a dream... I would work at night and the mirrors, the lights, the whole stage didn't feel real."

have the stereotypes that strippers were stupid or that they didn't go to school, but there was still something strange about seeing women coming from class, undressing, and getting ready for work.

During my first few weeks I was very disconnected from myself and other dancers, and I had extreme body control issues. To stand in front of a mirror on stage and look at my whole body was a huge deal for me. I had never really spread my legs apart and looked inside my vagina, and look at it from different angles. I felt strange having men jacking off and ejaculating on the window to it.

SB: Did you feel separated from your vagina while men were doing this?

GG: Yes, I felt very separated from it, but at the same time I think that's why I chose to be an exotic dancer because I felt so separate from that area of my body. So I felt that by doing this I had control over how I was going to use it. I felt that doing sex work was the only way I had control over my body; I was presenting this image of myself as a real sexual being, when in reality I was not. I always felt like a fraud, like I had this big

See "Dancing Shadows" (p.10)



PHOTOGRAPH BY RANI GOEL

Dancing Shadows (from p.9)

secret I couldn't tell anyone. I felt that the other women around me didn't have that problem, at least not in the same since I did, so I felt very insecure about my feelings on stage.

However, the good thing about the industry was that I gained a lot of power. I used to have a problem with men following me on the street, and I wouldn't really do anything about it. If men spoke to me on the street and I wanted them to go away, I didn't feel that I could tell them to go away. I would be nice to them when I knew I wanted them to leave me alone. After a shift at the Lusty Lady I was walking home and this man followed me. I knew he was following me, but I wanted to be in denial that he actually was, so I kept walking. The man started gaining on me and when I was almost at the bus stop this car load of black guys pulled up, and the man ran away. The guys asked me if I knew that the man was following me for the past few blocks. I was really lucky that those men drove up.

The next day I went into the Lusty Lady and asked to be scheduled for different days because I had a bad incident happen to me. I told the show director what happened, and she asked me what did I do. I looked at her as if she were crazy and asked her what could I have done. The man was following me. I didn't understand why she asked me that question. The show director said I could have told that man to stop following me. I told her that there was no way I could tell a man that. She kept insisting that I should say that next time, and that if someone was following me I had every right to tell them to stop. She told me that she didn't want to hear about me being a victim, and she was not hearing any of my excuses as to why I couldn't tell men not to follow me. That was one of the best things that ever happened to me. Working there, I slowly realized that I had power to tell someone to get away from me. She didn't buy into my victim shit like so many other people in my life have, and she did not understand why I wouldn't tell a man to leave me alone, and that I needed to take care of that next time.

SB: Did a situation like that happen to you again?

GG: Yeah, I yelled at the guy to fuck off, and he walked away. I had said it in this really antagonistic manner, so I decided that next time I would be firm, but tone it down a little. The next time I caught a guy following me on the street, I turned around and told him that I wanted to walk in peace. He apologized and crossed the street. I could also tell he was embarrassed.

I was so surprised that technique of telling men not to follow you worked, because I had expected that men would want to converse with you more because you spoke to them. I learned that I didn't have to give men a reason for not wanting to talk to them when they asked why, whereas before I felt that I did. That was a great breakthrough for me to do that.

SB: What else did you find empowering?

I found talking to the customers to be empowering, especially reprimanding them for not following rules. When customers were banging on the glass of the window, dancers told them to stop. If the customers didn't follow instructions, they were escorted out by a support staff person. When I first started I would tell the customers to please not knock on the glass to get a dancer's attention, but I didn't have any confidence when I said it. My voice always sounded meek, and customers wouldn't take me seriously and continue to bang on the glass. Another dancer would come from behind me and say, "Did you hear what she said? Stop banging on the window," in a firm voice, and the customer would stop. I learned to speak up more and began putting it into practice in a safe place. Soon telling customers not to behave in certain ways wasn't a problem, and I was starting to be assertive in my everyday life. Sometimes I slip, but I always try to catch myself, and speak up when I am communicating with men. I learned a valuable lesson from working at the Lusty Lady.

SB: In the film *Straight For The Money*, during an interview you said that while you were giving this white customer a lap dance, he asked you why black women looked so young, and you replied that it was because we have a lot of melanin in our skin. The customer then said, "Oh, you mean watermelon." Were racist comments like that common?

GG: Thank God, no. Overt racist comments like that were rare. The only other time I had a racist incident was with this Asian customer in Hawaii. When I approached his table, instead of saying, "Hi, how are you?" he said, "I was just chillin' with my homeboys the other day." I said, "Excuse me." The customer repeated himself, and I didn't realize at first what he was trying to imply — I really didn't understand why he had said that to me. He then explained that he was trying to talk jive to me. I had to explain to him that I didn't talk like that, and that he was making racist assump-

tions about black people. That situation was really strange to me, that's like if I were to walk up to an Asian person and instead of saying, "Hi, how are you?" saying, "Pork fried rice and chow mein."

SB: What did you find problematic with stripping?

GG: Many of the dancers at the Cinema and Mitchell Brothers' were really great at hustling men for a lot of money. They wouldn't take no for an answer. If a customer said, "I'll give you \$5", the dancers would be like, "No, you give me \$10." ... Then they would go home and give it all to their boyfriend. It's interesting to see the strength many of these women had, and the flip side of that.

SB: Why did you start to work at the Market Street Cinema?

GG: Because I became greedy, I wanted more money. At the Cinema, there was an opportunity to make more money than at the Lusty Lady, because you lap danced, whereas at the Lusty Lady customers don't touch you. I figured that since I was already in the industry I might as well keep going, and working at the Cinema was still technically dancing, so it wasn't like prostitution.

SB: I know that because the owners filed bankruptcy and refused to pay women back wages, dancers are filing for back wages. Many women are also prostituting at the Cinema to make their quota since they can no longer keep their tips. When you were at the Cinema what were the working conditions like?

GG: The working conditions have gotten worse, but they were always bad. We would tip out \$5 or \$10 a shift, and I remember complaining about that. If you didn't tip out you were treated really badly by the DJs. You would be ready to perform on stage and your music wouldn't start, or your CDs were scratched. You would ask for a night shift, but get a shift at a quarter to two when the club was almost empty.

SB: How did you feel going from a structured club like the Lusty Lady to a club like the Cinema? Did you think the Cinema gave you more freedom?

GG: Yeah, I did. The things I hated about the Cinema were also things I liked about it. I loved the fact that any old fucking thing could occur at the Cinema. It was just funny to be around that kind of environment, you could have probably murdered a customer there, and still be on the schedule. I loved the freedom of being in an area of society that didn't have any rules; in that aspect it was my favorite club to work at.

SB: How did you escalate into the famous Mitchell Brothers' theater?

GG: I was in the dressing room at the Cinema looking at myself in the mirror, and the reality

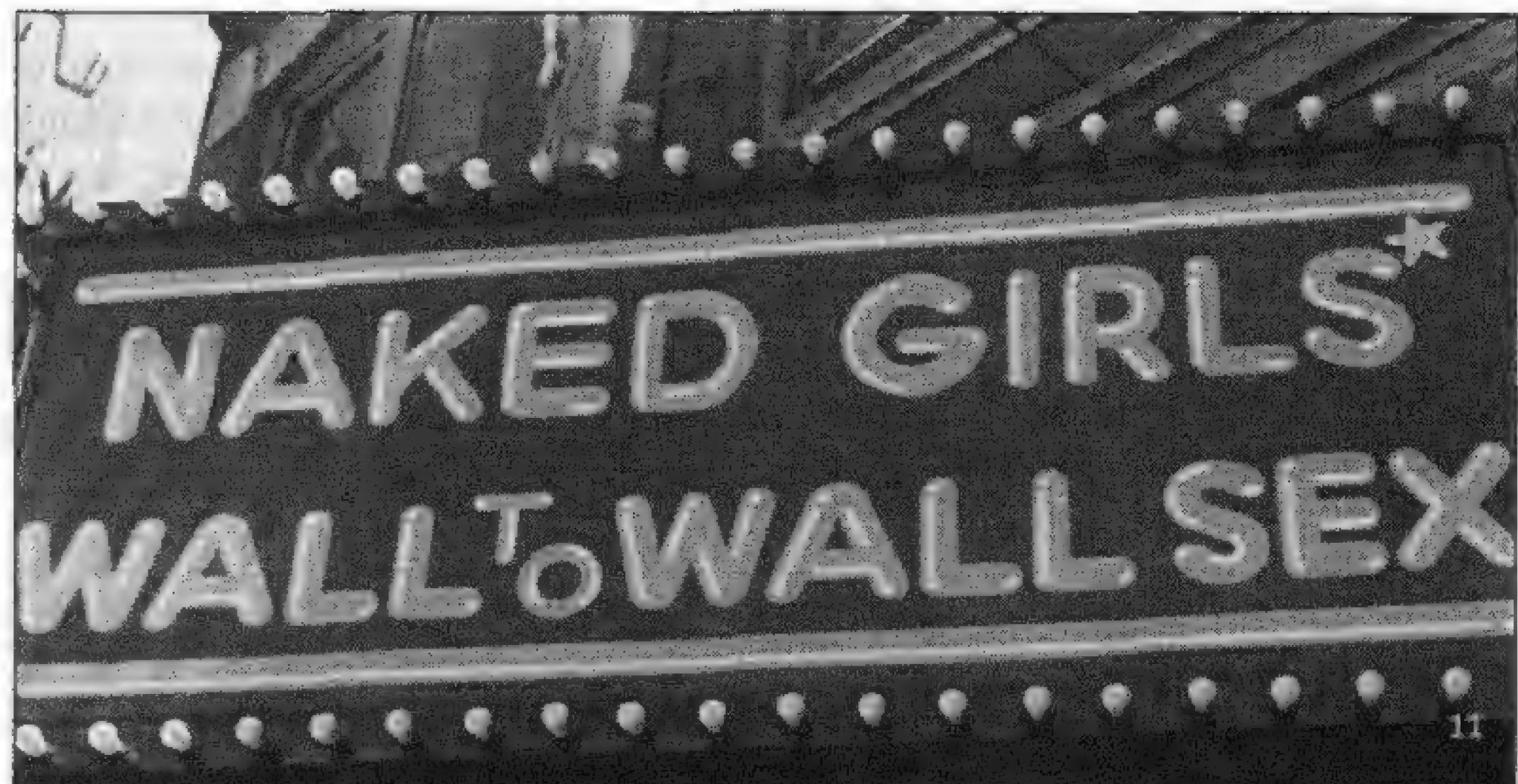
hit me. I was wearing a fucked-up, lop-sided wig and a body-suit with a rip in it. I'm sitting in a chair and the woman next to me is nodding off. I thought to myself: my life is through. I was so bummed, I kept telling myself that there was no way that this was my life. I needed to feel better about myself. This woman who was a good hustler walked by me. I told her I was feeling really bad about myself and she invited me over her house, and we started hanging out. She had a really great apartment, she had this, she had that, and I found out she worked at Mitchell Brothers'. After hanging out with her I was like: *What is the matter with me? Why aren't I living this way?* I had been in the sex industry three years and didn't have anything to show for it. I started making money at the Cinema and hustling, and I realized that there was no reason why I couldn't work at the Mitchell Brothers'. I auditioned a few days later and got the job.

SB: How did you get out of the sex industry after being in it for five years?

GG: I went on this meditation retreat for two weeks, where all I did was meditate. I was alone with myself and not allowed to speak to other people, so I couldn't fool myself any longer about what I wanted from my life. When I returned from the trip I weaned myself from clubs by dancing at the Lusty Lady again, because it wasn't as much money as Mitchell Brothers'. So, I took myself off the schedule at Mitchell Brothers', and people had a lot of respect for me because it was rare for dancers to do that. Most dancers leave the Mitchell Brothers' via termination, not quitting. The retreat made me realize I had to be honest with myself by stating that the truth was. I didn't like that job, and I didn't want to work there anymore.... It was hard because I kept thinking that I needed the money, but the job was becoming boring for me. It was exciting in the beginning but after five years of going through costumes and wigs, it gets tired.

This April, Gina Gold will be appearing in her one-woman show, The Island of Misfit Toys, which opens on 4/23/99 at Luna Sea in San Francisco. For more information, contact Luna Sea at (415) 863-2388.

Siobhan Brooks is a union organizer at the Lusty Lady exotic dance theater, which unionized with SEIU Local 790. She has completed a book of interviews with people of color sex workers. Her writings have appeared in Z Magazine, Hues Magazine, and the Hastings Women's Law Journal, as well as in the anthology Whores and Other Feminists.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RANI GOEL

Cover Model:
**CAROL LEIGH,
AKA SCARLOT HARLOT**

Carol Leigh has been working as a prostitute, activist and artist in the Bay Area for the past 15 years. As a founding member of ACT UP (in San Francisco), she organized a campaign against mandatory HIV testing of prostitutes. She was on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors Task Force on Prostitution representing San Francisco's Commission on the Status of Women. For several years Leigh coordinated a street outreach project through the Coalition on Prostitution, providing condoms and health and safety information to street workers in San Francisco. She has worked with BAY SWAN, Bay Area Sex Workers Advocacy Network, organizing sex worker rights advocates employed as outreach workers at various San Francisco agencies. At San Francisco's Harvey Milk Institute Leigh has taught "Prostitution 101" and "Sex Industry Politics." She has also taught video production for San Francisco's Community Television and at Street Survival Project, an outreach service providers/employment program for young women.

Since the late '70s, Leigh has written, performed and produced work in a variety of genres on women's issues, including work based on her experience in San Francisco massage parlors. Her one-woman play, *The Adventures of Scarlet Harlot*, was featured at The National Festival of Women's Theater in 1983. She received numerous awards for her video documentaries on women's issues and gay/lesbian issues, including three awards from Visions of US at the American Film Institute. Her award-winning videos include *Die Yuppie Scum, Yes Means Yes. No Means No*, and *Mother's Mink*. She recently completed two documentaries for the Needle Exchange in San Francisco and *Blind Eye to Justice: HIV+ Women in California Prisons*. Leigh edited *Coming Out, Coming Home*, for Hima B. produced by Asian Pacific Islander Parents of Lesbians and Gays. She also edits, directs and is featured in feminist porn art videos produced by Annie Sprinkle, House' O' Chicks and Erospirit Research Institute.

Leigh's video *Outlaw Poverty, Not Prostitutes* was censored at the University of Michigan Law School, and won a settlement represented by the Arts Censorship Project at the ACLU. She has contributed to several anthologies.

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Cover Photographer:
VIC ST. BLAISE

Vic St. Blaise, a prostitutes' rights activist and a sex worker himself, shot this photo on assignment for *Whorezine* at a past San Francisco Pride March. While in San Francisco, St. Blaise was an active member of COYOTE – Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics; Sacred Horses, a sex worker/healer collective; and the San Francisco Task Force on Prostitution. The latter affiliation gave him mild amusement when national news services quoted him out of context, basically saying prostitution did more for the city's tourism industry than Fisherman's Wharf.

He has since moved to Los Angeles, and photographs for Monadnock Media, which is proud to see one of its own in *Anything That Moves*. St. Blaise's recent credits include *Adult Video News*, *The Orange County Blade* and *Whorezine*. He will be the only photographer allowed inside *Men Loving Men*, an art exhibit and performance from the artist Heilman-C, taking place in Los Angeles at the end of May.

Whorezine is a sex worker-produced 'zine, begun in 1991, dedicated to workers and clients of every sexual flavor. The publication is staunchly pro-work and pro-decriminalization. Accepting no advertising, it supports itself through subscriptions and donations. For more information on *Whorezine*, write to: 1626 N. Wilcox Ave. #421, Hollywood, CA 90028, or e-mail: vic@whorezine.com.

For more information on *Men Loving Men*, contact Heilman-C at: g@heilman-c.com.

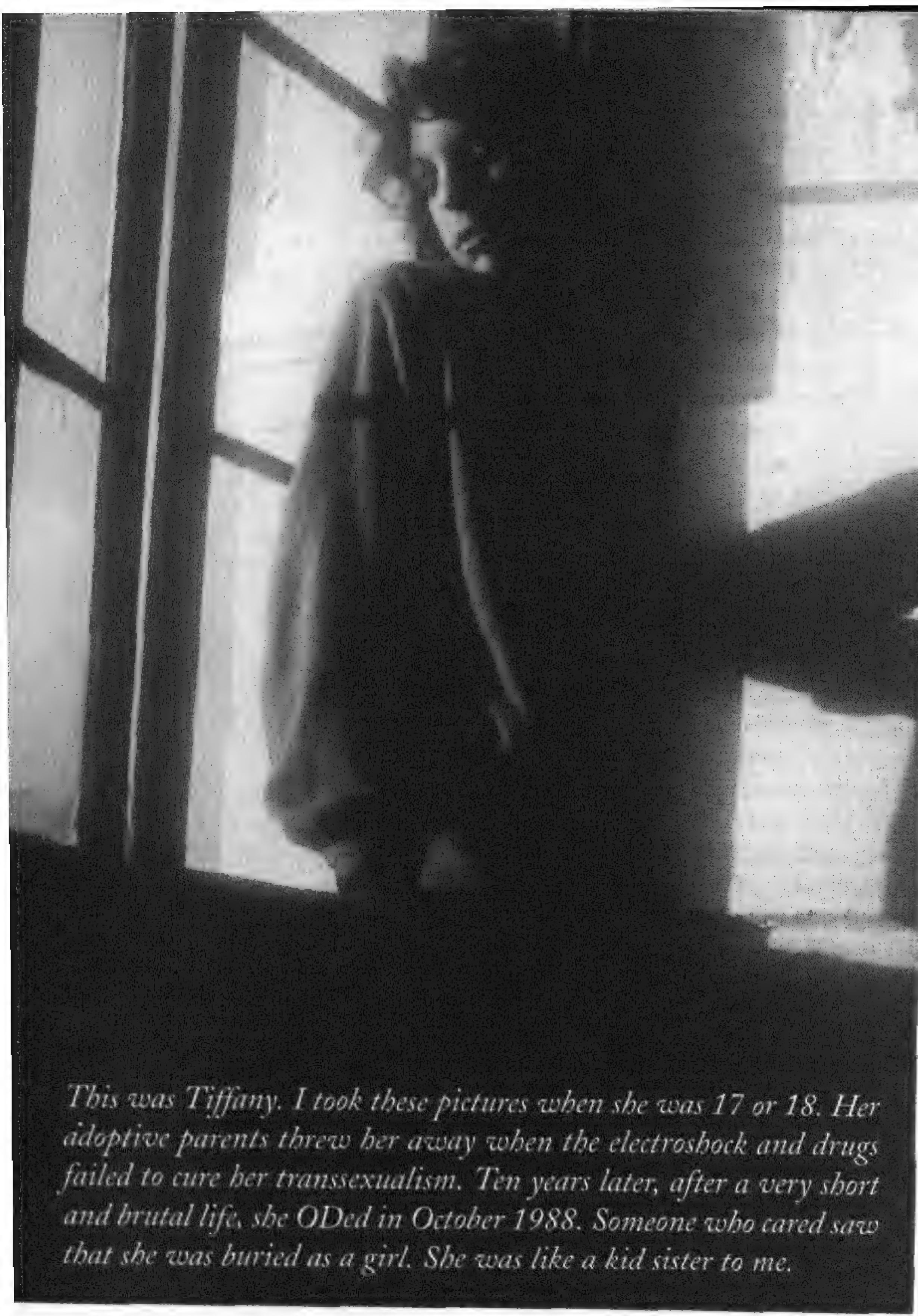
MORPHINE ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA



The poet is a cyborg. His machine
runs on blood and swarms inside cowrie shells.
That poet is a vulture in drag
between the living and the dead.
He never sleeps on water
and he dreams inside everyone who touches him.
He's a cyborg. Maybe the iron
in his articulations is similar to the little bones
inside cherries, to the clanking of flowers
as they close their gates at night over aphids
and the latex bodies of interstellar pollen.
He's on fire. That poet is an indeterminate juju
at the intersection of the dissection
of your hemispheres. The poet, not that one, is
a dishrag wrapped around a sponge. He worships
a quince. He is the subtle side of subversion.
In other words, always the other word
that defies definition, a perverted antonym.
Don't even try to out house his infectious rhythm.
He carries madness in his penis. Biolysis.
He's his own father. His head should be castrated,
his hair fed to the silverfish and the monkey
parked outside the door to the temple at Tirupati.
His wig is pregnant. His clitoris a clothespin.
His testicles are ovaries. His nipples prostate glands.
Don't feed him anything but roosters, dog, and goat.
His photo is a pun on an enemy's foot.
His rainbow is a serpent. His passion
is a raven. His shield is Achilles' heel.
If you possess him his liquid will quickly
flow into the ocean. He vacations in Xanadu.
If you dance in his anus the lights will go out.
If you suck his prosthesis he'll lisp.
My sister walks barefoot into the ballroom
and cuts her heart on a piece of glass.
A man without a mask is chasing me.
My mother turns into a fetus on an island in the Adriatic.
The walls of the city are waves of fertilizer.
I can't spell cast. I can spell fish and DDT.
I can spell poet anyway I want — p o i t, etc.
A poet is a preconceived solution of nothing.
Don't eat out of his petri dish.
He's a customs official at conception. A cyborg.
It's amazing what living by a river will do to you.
Pick up a syringe and communicate with the moon.
Pick up the moon. It's the *deus ex machina* on the screen.

For Barbara
Browning
by Kerry
Shawn
Keys

Kerry Shawn Keys has published over a dozen books of his poetry and translations of Portuguese poetry. His most recent book is *The Festival of Familiar Light*. He is currently on a Fulbright fellowship teaching in Vilnius, Lithuania.



NOT MY CHILD

disowning and
other abuses of
transchildren

text and photographs
by Suzan Cooke

This was Tiffany. I took these pictures when she was 17 or 18. Her adoptive parents threw her away when the electroshock and drugs failed to cure her transsexualism. Ten years later, after a very short and brutal life, she ODed in October 1988. Someone who cared saw that she was buried as a girl. She was like a kid sister to me.

*You are not my child.
Get out you goddamned freak.
Get out and don't ever come back.
Go live with the rest of the fucking queers.*

As a public service announcement of a few years ago said, words can hurt as badly as a fist, and cut as deeply as a knife.

There is a platitude that says that parents always love their children. It is not always true. BGLT children are regularly disowned — and the streets of the big cities are filled with these children. These kids don't just "all of a sudden" get kicked out for no reason. They are the children who were caught dressing up at young ages, and had their love and emotional support withdrawn. They are the children of "religious" families who get kicked out because "God hates queers." They are the children who have been abused by psychology, institutionalized with Gender Identity Disorder in institutions that try to make the boys act masculine and the girls act feminine... at least until they max out the psychiatric insurance.

All too often, kids who have been disowned and kicked out of their homes are told that they should strive to tame their parents' wrath: *"Send books. Keep the channels open. Try harder to make your parents understand. After all, they are your parents, and deep down they love you."*

You wouldn't tell an abused spouse to keep trying to mend the relationship with her/his abuser. Don't tell a disowned child to keep trying. Better advice would be to seek out the support and counseling needed to heal.

I know I probably sound cold beyond words, but some families are really toxic. One girl I knew moved here from Mexico with her family when she was three. After her parents became legal citizens, they legalized her brothers and sisters. Because she was a gender queer, they wouldn't legalize her. They kicked her out instead. Another of my friends' family read Kaddish [a Jewish funeral service] over her and declared her dead.

Gender psychologists classify transsexuals as "primary" or "secondary" depending on whether they came out (or were forced out) early in life, or later in adulthood, respectively. One of the main differences between these two groups is that Primary TSs are far more likely to have been thrown out of their houses and disowned for being obvious gender queers. Activist Riki Ann Wilchins calls this *transparency* — the inability to pass as "gender normal." Gender queer kids never really enjoy the luxury of coming out. Many biological "boys," unable to mask and hide their femininity, are out from day one, marked and labeled "sissies." Hiding their gender differences and being able to come out in adolescence or adulthood are luxuries denied.

Sissy. Tomboy. Roll the two words around in your head and ponder the weight of both those words; contemplate the discordance of the two images. Tomboys are cute. They play "boy" games, run around in "boy" clothes, and are generally considered okay. They are not stigmatized — at least, not until they hit puberty.

On the other hand, little boys who play with dolls and wear "girl" clothes are immediately stigmatized. Sissies are beaten and harassed at school. If they are discovered dressing up and learning to perform the gender of their identity at home, parental love is withdrawn. I was hit with the reality of what I was one day when I was 11, when my parents caught me wearing my mother's clothes. In an instant, I went from being a sissy to being a queer. In that instant, my life was turned upside down. A wall of ice descended, and I immediately felt the loss of my parents' love. I realized I was no longer their child.

A few years ago, a woman who had thrown her gay son out because his queerness was against her religion publicly repented and wrote a really weepy book after her son did a half-gainer off an overpass in front of a semi truck. I don't feel her pain. She was an asshole for disowning her son. Both she and her son would have been better off if she had found another church.

In late October 1998 the Georgian County Day School threw out "Alex" McLendon for adopting a female gender

identity. A newspaper photograph showed her wearing jeans, sports shoes, and a long-sleeved striped T-shirt; the accompanying caption said Alex was dressed as a female. Basically, the clothes were neutral; they took on the perceived gender of their wearer. Now, Alex will be home-schooled because she identifies as female. She has already encountered the first reduction of her civil rights. Unfortunately, the chances are high that Alex will continue to encounter such reductions in her rights for the rest of her life.

In the highly accurate movie *Ma Vie en Rose*, a young transsexual child's family is hounded from their house, her father from his job.

Gender queers are the most visible and least protected element of the BGLT community. They are the most likely to have suffered abuse, and to have emotional problems as a result of that abuse.

The persecution is real.

The very laws aimed at preventing the abuse of children in the labor market work against runaways and throwaway minors. To work as a minor legally, you usually need a work permit signed by your parents. If you don't have a high school diploma, obtaining even minimum wage positions becomes highly difficult.

I know about these things.

I have lived some of them. I have been a sex worker. I was a drug addict — speed, coke, and pills. I have seen friends OD and die. I have seen a friend murdered because she was working the streets.

My Mexican friend ended up working the streets. She got busted, tested positive for HIV, and was deported to Mexico, where she had no one.

Sex work is, and has long been, a major source of income for throwaway kids. Aside from often being one of the only options available, it is also a powerful lure — to be *paid* for being desirable, to feel wanted and attractive when all their lives they've been told they are worthless. It's sort of an antithesis to being told, "*No one will ever love you or want you. Not a woman. Not a man. Not even a queer man or woman.*"

Despite this fact of life, the trans community almost never mentions this disowned sector of itself. Support groups, journals (and more recently, the Internet) have been a major resource for communication within the TS/TG community, but within these forums, class differences often become apparent. Far too often, the poverty experienced by many transsexual women as a result of the stigma attached to their very being goes unacknowledged.

See "Not My Child" (p.16)

This was Stephanie. She was Cuban-American. Her family disowned her. She became Stephanie while she was on a Greyhound bus coming to California. She was my lover. On Valentine's Day, 1974, she ODed. Her family buried her as a boy.



To judge the trans community by these forums, groups, and by the journals' targeted readerships, the majority of MTF transsexuals appear to be middle-aged, currently or formerly married to women, and overwhelmingly attracted only to women. The idea of attraction to men is usually tacked on almost as an afterthought, applied to all except post-ops.

The transsexual community seems itself perpetually split between those who are protecting what security they have managed to accumulate, and those too busy just trying to get any at all — a divide which falls along predictable age and class lines. Where their money comes from is a question which largely goes unasked. The answers, when located in the back pages of urban papers, parts of Los Angeles' Santa Monica Boulevard, San Francisco's Tenderloin district, and parts elsewhere, are not different — they are a part of the trans community, and deserve a voice too.

What can we as a larger queer community do? BGLT continuation schools are a good start. Teen shelters that are open to runaway/throwaway transchildren would be great. Employment counseling and job placement would help. Sex workers need the same legal protections as non-sex workers, and the same right of dignity in profession. And for all transsexual and transgendered people, inclusion in civil rights legislation such as Employment Non-Discrimination Act,

on a national level and in statewide initiatives which protect employment rights, would be wonderful.

Trans childhoods don't have to be tragic. Having loving parents makes a difference. One child in San Diego was very fortunate — when she went to her mother and said, "Mom, I need to be a girl," her mother acted supportively, and even helped her get surgery as a teenager¹. But for every child fortunate enough to have a mother like that, at least five others are out hooking on Santa Monica Boulevard.

The persecution is real.

TranZGrrrla Suzan Cooke is a baby boomer who came out as herself in the months before Stonewall, 1969. An openly sex-positive bisexual transwoman, she became politically active in the anti-Vietnam War movement, and then in the trans/gay/lesbian/women's movements. She has now been post-op over half her life, yet remains in her words, "many things and still emerging." She currently lives in Hollywood, California.

1. "Just Evelyn," *Mom, I Want to Be a Girl*. 1998 Walter Trook Pub. Imperial Beach, CA. Lib. of Congress CC#; 98-84-72 ISBN: 0-9663272-09.

Restoring the Past: the Dumas Hotel

by Linda Howard



Washington, D.C. has the Smithsonian Institution. Paris has the Louvre. Quebec has the Canadian Museum of Civilization. Britain has the Victoria and Albert Museum. And if the International Sex Workers Foundation for Art, Culture and Education (ISWFACE) has its way, Butte, Montana will have the Dumas Hotel.

One of the longest-running brothels in the United States, the Dumas Hotel was built in 1890. A parlor house — basically, a bordello for wealthy patrons — its two-story, 43-room brick design is the last remaining example of "Victorian brothel" architecture. It became a National Historic Landmark in 1973, and closed its doors for good nine years later when its last madam, Ruby Garrett, was convicted of federal tax evasion. In 1991, the building was slated for destruction until antiques dealer Rudy Giecek

saved it for its historic value, buying it and later selling it to ISWFACE [pronounced ice-face] as a permanent site for their organization and future cultural center.



During its heyday, the brothel serviced not only wealthy clients in its luxurious upper suites, but also countless miners from the nearby copper mine, most of whom could only afford to visit the hotel's basement. The basement was divided into many tiny, cramped rooms, generally just big enough to hold a sink and a bed. Less-expensive prostitutes rented these "cribs", as they were called, for \$2-\$5 a day; the women worked in three shifts to accommodate the 24-hour mine schedules. Tunnels that stretched the length of the

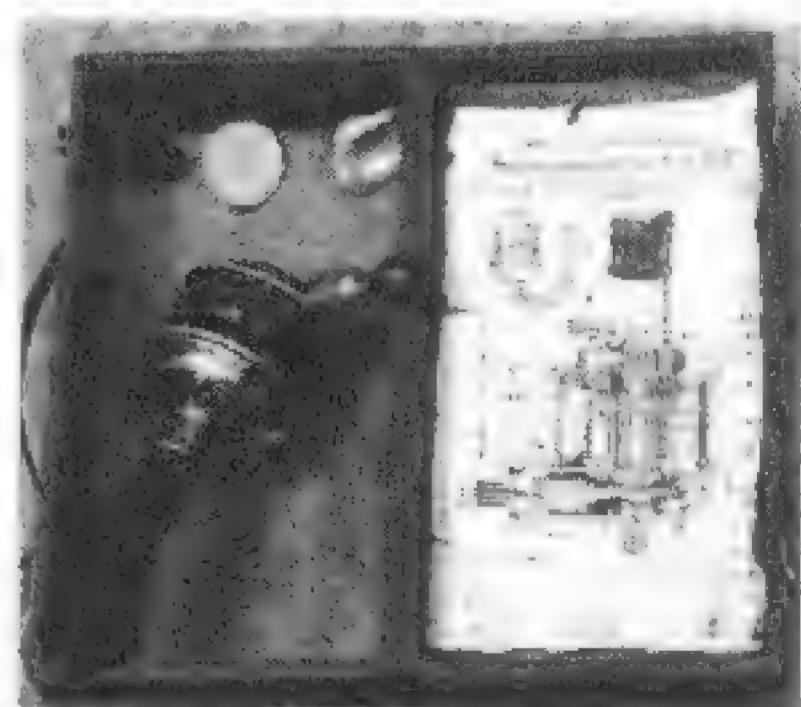
red light district — and, according to legend, even went to city hall — gave easy access to these rooms. In exchange for a monthly "tribute", Butte's police and councilmembers looked the other way, viewing its red light district more-or-less as a civic service that kept its "upstanding" women from being harassed by the predominantly unmarried miners.

The federal government shut down the cribs in 1943 during World War II, as part of a campaign against low-rent prostitutes and venereal disease. The rooms were literally sealed away, with all of the personal effects inside left untouched.

Now, ISWFACE is unsealing this past, unearthing artifacts from a bygone era. They range from postcards, Christmas cards and photographs (upper left, left, lower left, above) to Vaseline jars, bullwhips, opium vials and a still-functioning, World War I-period metal vibrator (below). Once the building has been restored, these artifacts will be on display permanently as part of the future ISWFACE Cultural Center and Museum.



ISWFACE founder Norma Jean Almodovar wants the museum to present not only historical exhibits, but also current exhibits from sex workers around the world. The exhibits will not focus on sex, but on the sex workers themselves. "If people can see what we create... perhaps they will look at us differently," says Almodovar. "We are people; husbands and wives with families. Sex is just one thing we do."



ISWFACE needs significant help to pay for the Dumas Hotel's restoration. Donors can sponsor a crib or "adopt" bricks from the brothel, among other options. For more info, contact ISWFACE at (818) 892-2029, email iswface@iswface.org, or visit <http://www.iswface.org> on the Web.

Linda Howard is managing editrix of Anything That Moves.



Queen of the Girls

by Julia Trahan

Her Royal Majesty

My mother says I was born masturbating. All mothers embarrass their children by telling of some adorable act or endearing habit. But my mother talks about my inherent sexual narcissism at dinner parties. She tells it to my friends, says it in front of my sister's boyfriend. She even told our real estate agent.

I've asked her to stop. She just giggles, her roly-poly body bouncing merrily. I have such a cute mom. I love her very much. I figure she can't help herself.

Actually, I don't mind that she publicly talks of what is usually considered a private act. She's making a political statement. My grandmother the Baptist told her that people with disabilities — survivors of traumatic accidents and chronic pain — don't have sexuality. My grandmother said, "It's such a shame. She was such a pretty girl."

My co-worker told me that people born with a leg too short don't think about wild fucking in the back of pick-up trucks or chasing a beloved, naked in a field or holding the hand of a lifetime lover, trembling in fear at a scary movie. He says if they think these things, it certainly shouldn't be said aloud. And, he says, desires are disgusting to act upon if you are hideously disfigured. Such as having one leg too short.

All sorts of people think about sex. Trust me. They do. Take me, for instance; hit by a truck at age eleven. Mangled and mutilated by a truck. Lost a lot of things: 20/20 vision, the use of my left side, the ability to speak or swallow. Even lost my life and rose from the dead just like Jesus Christ. But that good old overflowing life juice, erotic sexuality, never left me for a moment.

Being born masturbating saved me. A girl needs to have control of her body if she wants to survive in this world.

As a toddler, my parents tell me, I'd masturbate everywhere: in the kitchen, the living room, the park. My favorite story is how, at age two, the evening of Neil Armstrong's moonwalk, I snuck champagne sips from grownups' glasses and put on a show in front of the TV. My parents scooted me into another room saying, "That's a private act."

Older, and less exhibitionistic, I'd rock on my bed at night dreaming elaborate fantasies. The usual theme was: I, Queen of the Girls, and my favorite Knights had been captured by renegade boys trying to conquer our majestic empire. We'd be tied up, spread-eagled and fucked in every opening, every way my eight-year-old mind could imagine. All the boys wanted to fuck me 'cause I was Ruler of the Kid World, the fastest, the smartest, and the strongest. Only the boy Kings and Lords dared to fuck me and I got fucked the most, the longest and the hardest.

When satisfied by enough sucking, fucking and Shakespearean drama, I and my band of merry Knights would easily overthrow the boys. Then, dancing back to the girl's camp, we'd sing, eat, and make love recklessly in glorious celebration of our divinely female victory. We never took prisoners. Who would want them?

I Knew What Mattered

I spent fantastic childhood nights this way. Sometimes, after school, I couldn't wait for dark. I'd sneak down to the basement, lie on my belly next to my sister's waterbed, rocking gently, hands between my legs. Until she interrupted.

"What are you doing?!?"

She was in junior high school and masturbation wasn't cool.

After that I took cold showers in the dark. I loved that moment when ice hit skin. My body spasming and squirming in painful euphoria. My heart tangoing. Leaving the world of a spinning, slightly moldy, metal shower stall. Entering a world of brightly lit blackness. Underwater no one lied, and freedom was possible.

This sacrament proved that I was rightfully Queen of the Girls. I was tough. I knew what mattered.

When doctors told my mother across my hospital bed that I wouldn't recover this or that, or at all, I knew they were mistaken. I was Majesty of the World, Queen of the Girls. I'd escape victoriously when tired of being fucked by the boys.

Being born masturbating saved me.

Sometimes pain from crushed bones head to toe was too much. Orgasmic energy made my body bearable. Waves of electricity washing and soothing my overstimulated, burning nerves. My temperature 104 day after day. The only certain thing was that if I didn't die from internal bleeding, time would painfully pass. Masturbating, I'd ward off panic. Pass the time by shooting my psyche into worlds where vanity rode blue stallions on untouched ocean shores.

I wasn't aware that I didn't have or wasn't supposed to have a sexuality. Three female nurses stuck fingers and washcloths up my vagina and anus, laughing and pinning my internally bleeding body still. They knew.

The balding urologist who stuck his cock-level fingers in the same holes, staring lustfully into my little girl eyes. He knew.

Even the teenage nurse's aide understood when he rubbed my breasts while I lay immobile, recovering from my twelfth surgery. These people knew I had a sexuality — a disposable sexuality, like used snot rags. The user is remotely aware that used tissues are infected with human waste and can be tossed away without remorse. Aware enough to be disgusted.

My efficient mother instructed me to live. Obediently, I did. My hormones didn't slip out on wasted blood. I learned that egotistical doctors pay attention and answer questions when flirted with. Nurses and therapists, objects of passionate crushes, made me classical music tapes and hot tea, tucking me into bed extra carefully if I stared adoringly into their eyes.

Institutional kindness cost. Terrified, I smiled cheerfully. "You're the expert. I'm trying my hardest."

After a year of live-in, I escaped to become a shut-in.

What would've been my sixth grade class gave me a hero's welcome. Inspired children and adults filled the school playground. My wheelchair stuck in gravel. I cried. This was a strange new home.



ART BY AMY CONGER

My Sword Swings

My good friend Vicki Smit, the smartest girl in school, never came to visit. Neither did friends of the family. The two-story junior high school where brother and sis went grudgingly let me in because my parents threatened a lawsuit. I hated the required "special" class. If teachers thought my wheelchair disruptive, I sat away from other students.

I wanted to run down the hill, watch the Little League game with my pet gerbil, Squirt. Play runaway gang leader with Willy Barnel. Swim at Little North Fork with family. Hide in the tilted oak tree. Serenade Scruffy, my howling mutt dog, with a violin. A local reporter wrote about my "tragic fate."

Alone, I made Captain Caspian, the proud plastic elephant to protect the uncorrupted society of camels, tigers, horses,

see "Queen of the Girls" (p.20)

Queen of the Girls (from p.19)

and zebras. His flaming red cape, made from scrap and rubber band, flew gallantly as his scarlet sword delivered justice against snot-colored plastic cowboys. Neither of us understood being attacked while exploring treacherous deserts. Captain's harem massaged and danced. My hand slipped between my legs. My hurting body was soon comfortable. Beautiful, brave women kissed my tears, whispering gratitude and admiration. Others made love to my wetness. Men, women and children left gifts outside my tent door in homage to my courage. My red iron sword swings in savage wind. Long arms rock me until people act normal again.

I made new friends. Proudly spoke of my bisexuality. My streetwise cigarette buddy, Jolie, tried to rip my shirt off, her knee in my crotch. I punched her, escaped. My wheelchair waited patiently outside the bathroom stall. Frigid tears pressed the backs of my eyes.

Thirteen. Back in the hospital. White pus-y anger, morsels of despair clump in my belly. Unspoken frustration slices my torso. Limbs numb. Unable to cry. Too many indigestible stories.

Imagining graceful nurse Felicia straddling my bed-bound body, lifting her freshly pressed skirt, revealing her dark curly triangle. Desire pounding through anesthetized dullness. My mouth stoic, determined. Biting. Tasting. Smelling. Her desires loosen. Pumping, arching. Her juices smothering. I am sacred, proud. Throwing her head back she screams. Two, three wet trickles from my eyes.

Sterile, nurse shift, take your blood, bed bath, time for your test, honey. Busy strangers inspected my girlish beauty. How delectable I was. My teeth gritted in polite festive child hatred. I never came any more. No relief. Alien hands invaded my breasts and crotch daily.

My knee swelled to twelve inches. Home from the hospital, Dad catapulted a soup bowl. Hit my ear.

Unable to walk, took refuge in my bedroom. Dreamt of fancy cocktail parties. My spread-eagled legs tied to the doorway. My crotch convenient for amused partygoers to clean their shoes. Never screamed. Was rewarded. Ghost cocks pummeled my throat. Phantom long-nailed fingers ripped my ass. I shoved fingers up my vagina. Slow wanting tears slid me to peaceful sleep.

As cruel as the package given me, at least I found guiltless pleasure in my confused sexual suffering.

As a teen, when not in the hospital, I went to Catholic high school. Devoutly against Catholicism, and not being Catholic, I felt comfortably alienated. Cindy, red-haired straight-A cheerleader, named my crutch Mortimer. In her car, I called attention to my bisexuality.

"Why are you telling me this?"

I joined the Catholics, repressing my shameful sexuality.

It Doesn't Take Much

Freedom! Eighteen, grown-up. Had learned to walk and talk and swallow well enough to be considered worth fucking by men. Doesn't take much. I fucked and fucked. Wore men out while living in San Francisco Art Institute's spray paint room. Fucked their friends. Asked for it. Begged for it. Only got raped once. Told myself it didn't count.

While fucking these men I thought how good it felt to touch my little girl's body under the blankets, safe, in the dark. Only that touch made my pain go away.

When I touched women it was different. With women I made love and fell in love. Sex was supposed to be like this. Melting into my lover, endlessly, when I kiss her lips. Liquid, whether she drove a red sports car, liked to dye my skin blue with food coloring, or smoked too many menthol cigarettes.

Too Independent

Jane, twice my age, curly blonde hair, serious blue eyes reflecting mine. She liked the way I plunged fearlessly into snow catching a bird's expression on video. I liked the way she sat in the back of the class, legs outstretched, head held proudly. Obviously, she knew more than the instructor.

Floating on foreign dinners of exotic foods and silly stories of mature lesbians, I didn't understand everything she'd say.

"You're too independent," she sexily accused. I was stepping out of her van into a freezing Minneapolis winter. Thought she meant I was playing hard to get. So I shut the van door and kissed her.

"I'd like to take you home, but I'm uncomfortable with your age and your handicap," she whispered, my hand held tightly between her knees. Slapped from my intoxicated infatuation into reality, I saw our relationship's end before it began.

"Uncomfortable with my handicap." An honest statement. But what does it mean?

I am more normal looking today. I walk with a crutch. I'm white. Blonde. Blue eyes. Large breasts. Fairly tall. I've grown accustomed to ordinary hideous men and women wanting to jack off. In my cunt.

Falling in love with Natasha, with Jessica, with Beth, with Maritova, and with Racael, I've noticed a pattern. It is not just them I love, it is their sweetness, their love of human meekness. Their comforting hands and tender words give me life as I forge ugliness into fiery dreams and watery fantasies.

I hold my lovers tenderly when they cry, in awe of their tears, grateful they want me to be with them. When my lovers cry I often feel they cry the tears I can't. More flexible, they express pain that I cannot bear to see.

Preciously, I kiss my innocence on their faces. The innocence I traded for survival. The innocence murdered in me by those who only know how to jack off.

Twenty-three. Maritova and I enter each other three times a day. Waking, we celebrate vigorously. I need my thirteenth operation. My pain conceived between her thighs. She makes chicken soup.

I read in a magazine that one is abused or one is an abuser. How boring.

Twenty-four. Unable to walk. In rehab hospital learning to toilet transfer using one leg. Nurses insist on watching me pee. One threatens an enema because of bad behavior. Carol, my soothing physical therapist, her hand on my thigh. Me on my back, legs spread wide.

"I like you in that position."

Flashes of helplessness. Memories of latex-gloved hands crushing my girlish pride suffocate my trust and hope for a home.

I learned to walk again. A man at a bus stop informs me, "I'm looking for a girl to use." I stand, stare at his throat, my teeth set to gouge his inane blood. He laughs and walks away.

Rebecca's picture. Long naked legs spread wide. My breath deepens. My tongue rubs my teeth. Desire.

"I know I turn you on."

Expectations of pain. I hesitate. Turn to leave. She kisses my scars. Redresses my wounds. My fragile desires. Invincible dreams. I, her Queen. Frail. Tough. Tender in my majestic roughness. Laughter, tears explode, contract. This extravagant, well-worn tomboy dreams her intoxicating black-haired daredevil. Satiated, for a while.

My mother says I was born masturbating. And she should know.

I live my masturbatory life for survival. There are those who would jack off on my dead body. I see them. They are predictable. I am no longer frightened.

Trading Secrets

I live my life concerned with thoughts of a perfect world. Taking sex, taking emotions. Putting them into words. Words I'm not supposed to say, words I shouldn't be thinking. Trading secrets. Secrets of protection, of loneliness, of belligerent happiness. Telling secrets with others, changing ugliness into chaotic beauty. I am not alone.



Shuddering at my own courage, knowing I can dance through nightmares. My cunt glistening with power as I rock to get the words out. My mother is right. I am coming and coming and coming and coming.

This article first appeared in the May/June 1994 issue of Mouth: The Voice of Disability Rights.

For more information, contact Mouth at 61 Brighton Street, Rochester, NY 14607.

The Body Politic:

The Anatomy of a (Very Political) Bust

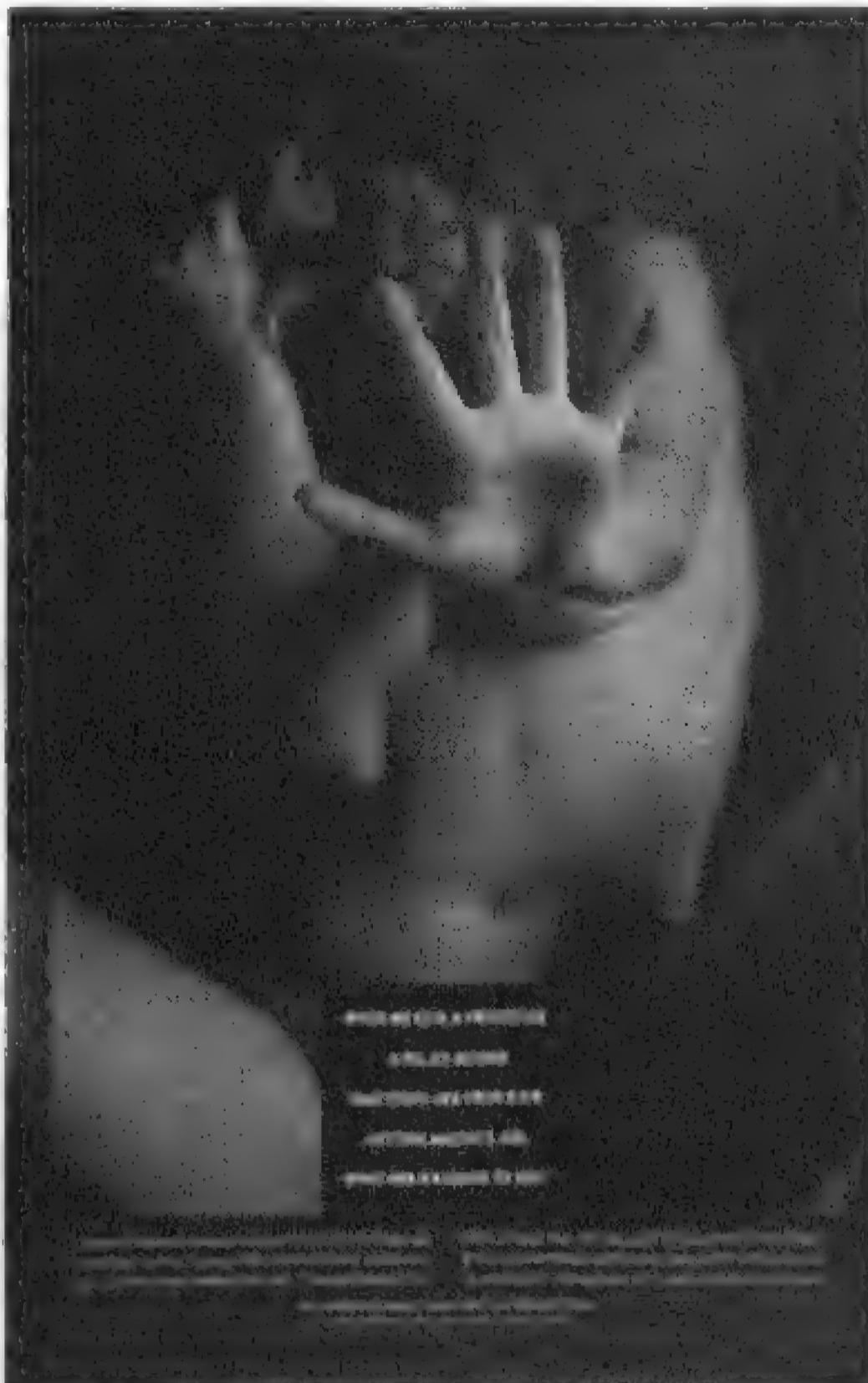
compiled by ATM staff

Teri Goodson was a member of the San Francisco Task Force on Prostitution, founded the Cyprian Guild (a sex workers' resource organization) in 1996, and recently owned and managed an escort agency in San Francisco. She was arrested by the San Francisco Police Department on Dec. 9, 1998, and charged with felony pandering.

"Some time around the beginning of December, I received a call from a man who said he was a real estate agent from Southern California," Goodson begins, recalling her former business. "He was staying at the Hilton, he said, and he wanted someone young." The youngest available was 21, she says, adding ironically, "Fortunately for her, she wasn't returning her calls that night."

Goodson requested and was given a business telephone number to confirm the client's identity, a not-uncommon practice in the escort business, which helps decrease risk by hopefully increasing the accountability of the clients. "Everything seemed to check out," she says. When she called, the "receptionist," whom Goodson now theorizes was probably an undercover policewoman, verified his employment.

Enough time passed waiting for a return call from the original escort, according to Goodson, that the client called back to ask what was taking so long, and ultimately they agreed upon another, a woman known as Shannon. That con-



WHEN WE GIVE A PROSTITUTE A POLICE RECORD THAT STOPS HER FROM EVER GETTING ANOTHER JOB, WHAT ARE WE DOING TO HER?

Some of the most perverse acts performed on prostitutes are by our legal system. To begin with, we arrest them, which ruins their chances of ever leaving the trade. Then we demand a fine that's so huge, they can only pay it by going back on the streets. It must be enormously satisfying to keep a poor woman trapped in prostitution. Because we do it again and again and again.

— The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution

tact was successful, and Shannon ventured downtown to the Hilton. "A little while later, the phone rang. It was her — 'I think I'm going to need a lawyer,' she said."

A lot of people across the country are looking for lawyers these days.

Recent sex-trade crackdowns by police departments have made headlines nationally, from New York City to Atlanta to San Francisco and lots of points between. They make good news copy and allow politicians and police to claim that they are keeping the culture safe for children, much in the way the closing of gay bars was, and still often is, portrayed. Like statutes criminalizing homosexual sex, prostitution statutes are consent-blind: Whether you are a voluntary sex worker or not goes unconsidered because you *can't* legally consent to accept money in exchange for sex. While shady, abusive pimps who abuse women and use drugs to lure them into prostitution do exist, so do self-professed Sacred Whores who loudly proclaim that they love their work.

Even though society increasingly views the concept of sex workers with tolerance, more concerned with violent crimes than with a sexual transaction between consenting adults, the law doesn't care — in its eyes, it's still a crime and a threat to society.

If it is a crime, though, who's the perpetrator? As with anti-homosexuality statutes, that's a matter of serious concern, especially when viewed from the perspective of the person charged. In Shannon's case, within 10 minutes of her arrival at the client's hotel room, police officers knocked on the door, claiming that the hotel had complained because they'd seen her on their surveillance cameras and reasoned that she "looked like" a prostitute.

According to Shannon, after the police took her downstairs to the hotel's "security room," they offered her a choice: She could leave with a ticket for prostitution (a misdemeanor in California), or else she could avoid the ticket entirely by paying a "fine" directly to the police and give a tape-recorded statement there on the spot with no attorney present. Shannon refused to waive her Miranda rights and pay the officers' "fine", and so they detained her for approximately one hour. In the end, the police charged her not only with prostitution, but also with performing massage without a license — a "completely ridiculous" charge, says Shannon, who claims that she never even discussed massage with the client. (In case you're wondering who controls the sale and administration of massage permits in San Francisco, it's the police department).

Shannon's arrest was only the first line of attack. About a week later, Goodson says, she received a call from a business traveler who wanted an "in-call" arrangement — that is, he wanted to see the escort at her location. "He sounded nervous," she recalls, "but then, a lot of clients do." But he cleared her background check, and so she arranged a meeting at her San Francisco apartment.

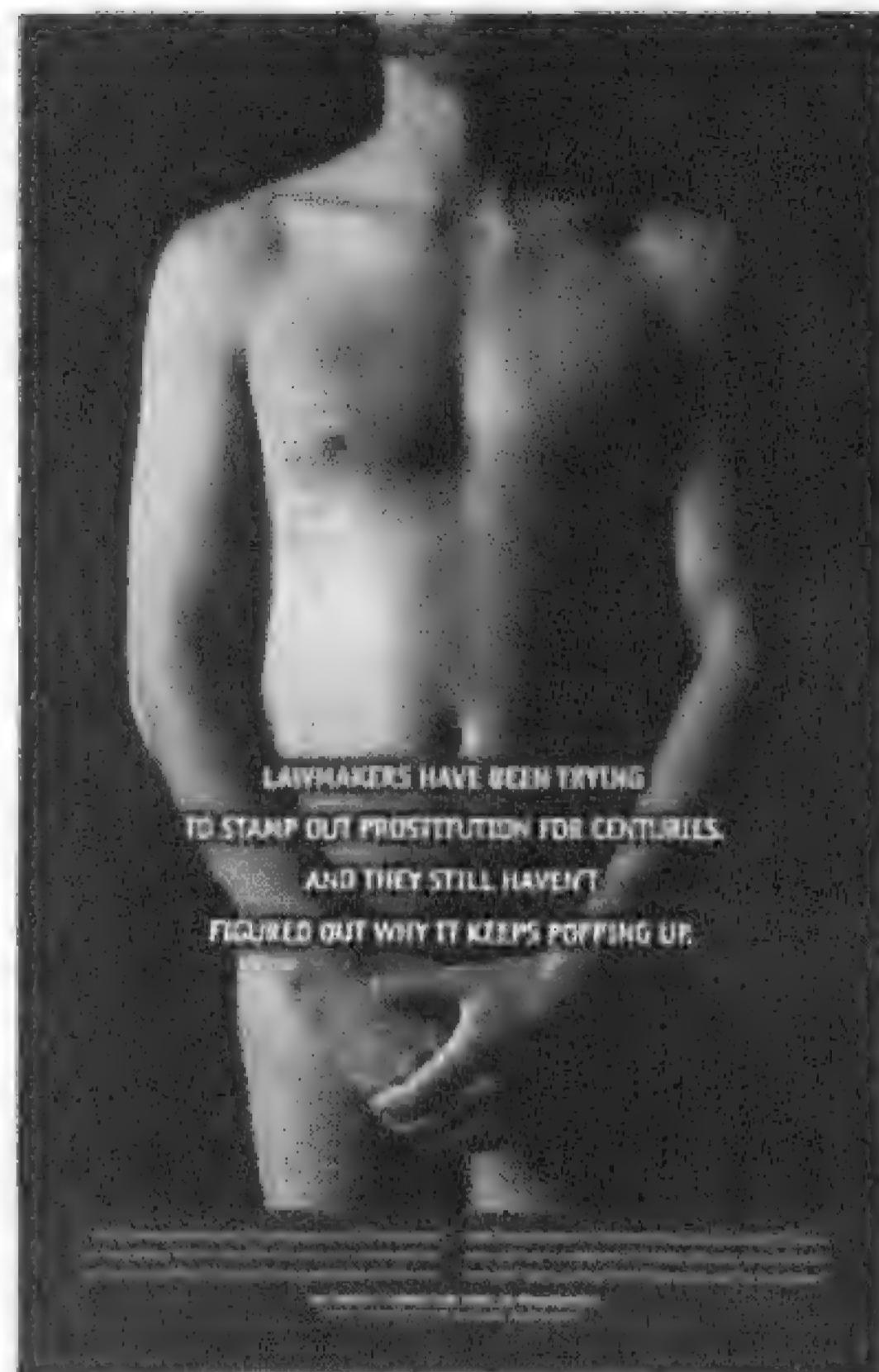
"The client arrived, came inside, met the contractor, and everything was fine," Goodson says. "About a half-hour later, there was a knock at the door." It was the police, responding to an "anonymous complaint" from a neighbor. Having lived in the same building for six years, Goodson strongly believes that the complaint was manufactured. "I asked about the nature of the complaint," Goodson says, "but they just repeated their statement."

When they admitted that they didn't have a warrant, and would not specify the nature of their business, she refused them entry. "They started going down the hall, knocking on all the doors — picture my neighbors, confused, poking their heads out of their doorways."

LAWMAKERS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO STAMP OUT PROSTITUTION FOR CENTURIES. AND THEY STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHY IT KEEPS POPPING UP.

By a conservative estimate, the average male thinks about sex 24 times a day. Yet the City of San Francisco is convinced that we can end prostitution by arresting prostitutes and the men who frequent them. An approach that costs us over \$5 million a year and hasn't worked once in the last 200 years. Isn't it time we scrapped these outdated laws? Anyone can see they're impotent.

— *The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution*

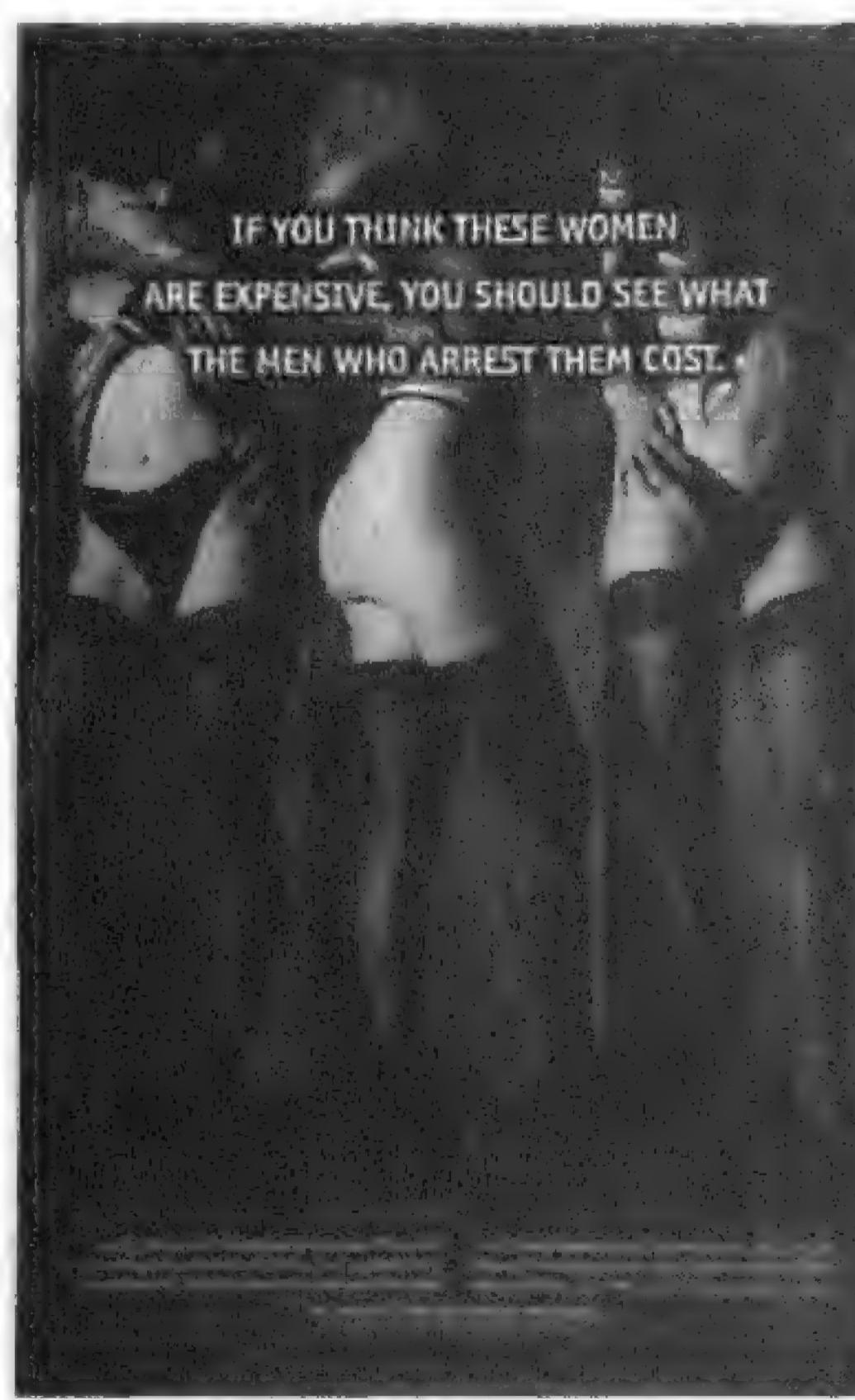


LAWMAKERS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO STAMP OUT PROSTITUTION FOR CENTURIES. AND THEY STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHY IT KEEPS POPPING UP.

Perhaps they believed that they had the wrong apartment; Goodson says she suspects that the "customer" may have been wired so the police could locate him.

Convinced that they were in the correct place, the police returned to her apartment, where they arrested Goodson and the escort. A few hours later, they released the other woman,

See "The Body Politic" (p.24)



IF YOU THINK THESE WOMEN ARE EXPENSIVE, YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT THE MEN WHO ARREST THEM COST.

The City of San Francisco employs 12 vice squad officers who do nothing but arrest street prostitutes. Their salaries aside, it costs well over \$5 million to process the 4900 cases they added to our already backed-up court system last year. So yes, we do think you'll find these women rather expensive. Because under the current laws, you're the one who ends up paying for them.

— *The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution*

The Body Politic (from p.23)

but Goodson herself spent the night in jail, charged with pimping and pandering (a felony in California carrying a mandatory minimum sentence of three years imprisonment). "They confiscated my computer, all my paperwork, even my blank checks," she says, describing the hassle. "It becomes hard to mount a defense when you need to make a lot of phone calls and you don't even have your address book."

This is just one of many such arrests, and often questions of political motivation come into play. Brian "Dragon" Mangan was convicted of felony pimping in Santa Barbara (the first such charge issued in that town since 1983), after a police raid of "Anna's Touch" (his lover's massage house) on a misdemeanor warrant. After police discovered BDSM-related

materials on the premises, however, the charges were upgraded and he now is facing up to 10 years in jail, despite the unanimous court testimony from former employees of that business that Dragon had no part of the operations [for more information, see p.61 - Ed.]. An activist named Heather Smith was recently arrested in Atlanta, shortly after her appearance on ABC television's *20/20* program on consensual crime.

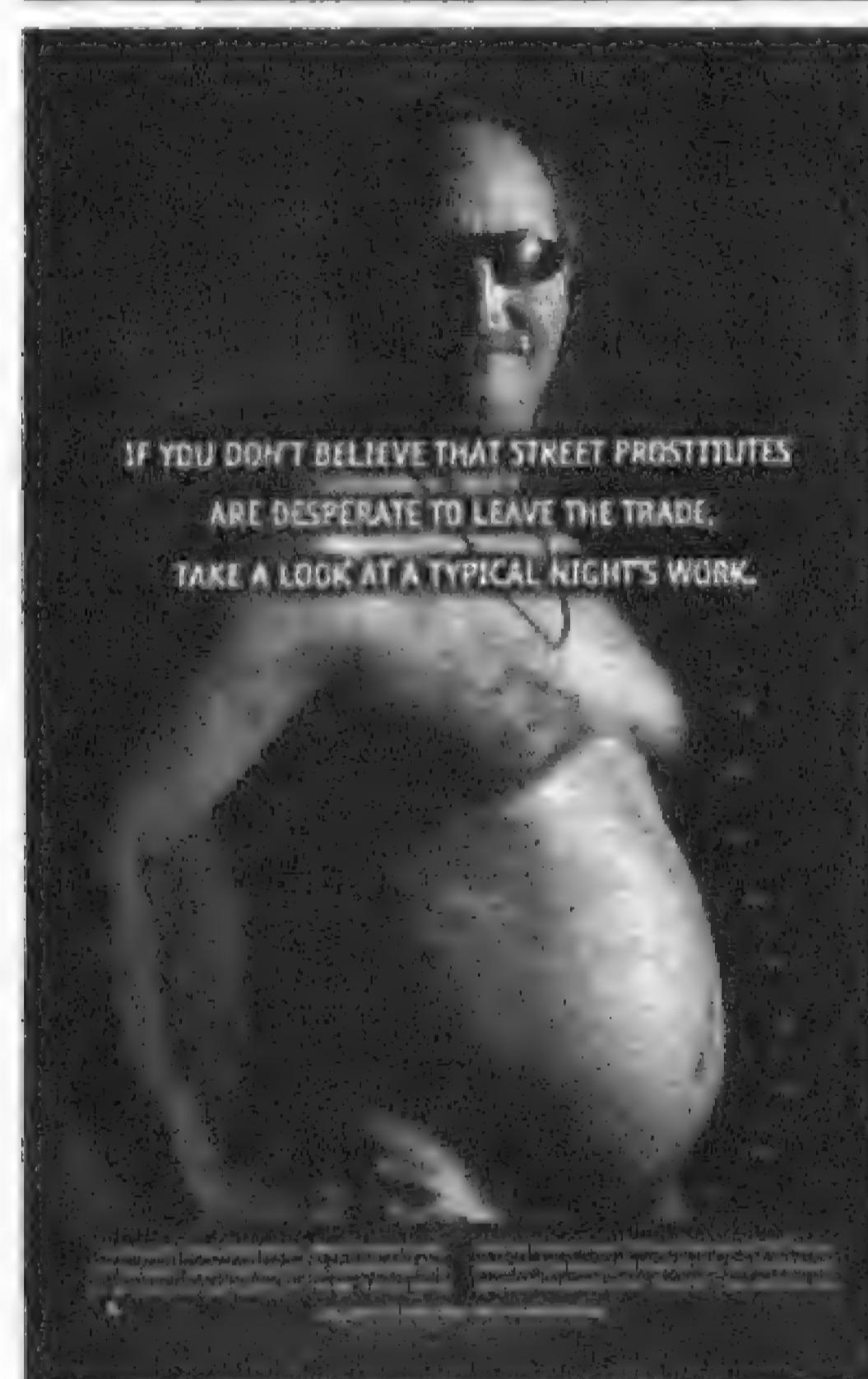
The entrapment and arrest of alleged professionals not only continues, but is apparently increasing — "they're going after people they've never messed with before," Goodson points out, echoing a commonly held observation of recent events.

Why? One answer may well turn out to be the same reason a lot of other people are in the business — for the money. In San Francisco, the independent publication, *S.F. Weekly*, has

reported at least one "unofficial" vice squad bank account, unknown to the city, along with cashier's checks from women apparently apprehended in prostitution raids.¹ It is an ingenious, if ethically disturbing, solution to the problem of enforcing prohibition in a city that doesn't necessarily want it: Create an informal — and potentially quite profitable — economic disincentive to prostitution, coupled with pre-trial "diversion" programs.

District Attorney spokesman John Shanley confirmed this approach, which he describes as "nickel-and-diming." The ultimate repository of those "nickels and dimes," however, has raised some serious concerns — according to the *Weekly*, roughly \$70,000 remained officially unaccounted for, as of December 1998, from a vice squad bank account that the city apparently didn't even know existed. As of mid-February, the police were still unable to document any of the money, explaining that the files were "missing" — raising serious concerns about the motivations of law enforcement, and providing a rare opportunity to document the corruption inherent in enforcing prohibition. [Much of the money allegedly collected was in the form of cashier's checks, which leave a paper trail - Ed.]

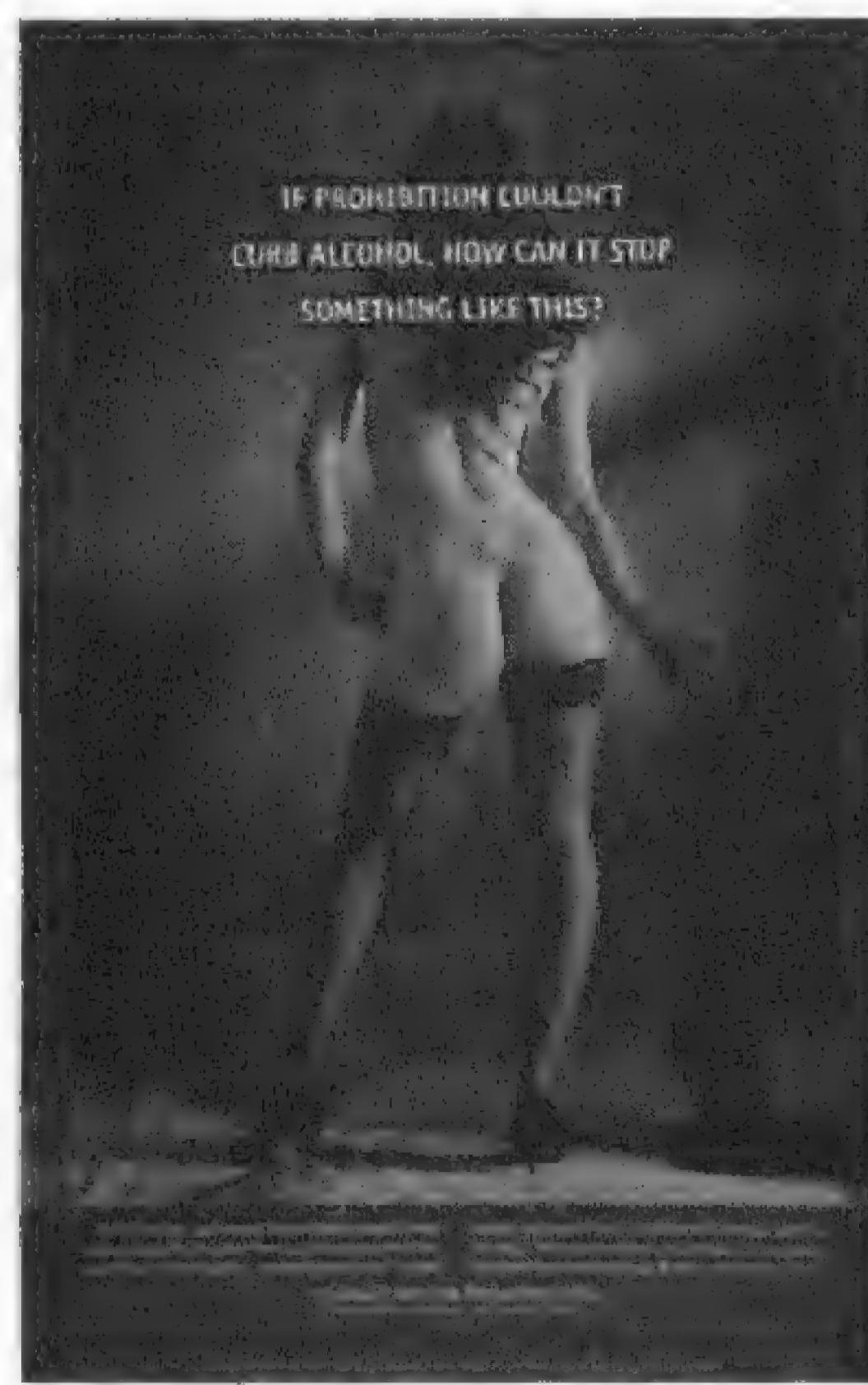
The problem with this solution is that it opens the door to potentially massive systematic abuses and corruption. If cases don't actually go to trial, police have little incentive to actually follow proper legal procedures — after all, who will complain and get the court system's attention? Not the sex workers, and certainly not the police. "This business of collecting fines on the spot, along with pre-trial diversion programs, ends up being just a way



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT STREET PROSTITUTES ARE DESPERATE TO LEAVE THE TRADE, TAKE A LOOK AT A TYPICAL NIGHT'S WORK.

To be honest, it's not always like this. Often it's worse. So why can't the typical street prostitute just do something else for a living? Because our legal system won't let her. A police record ruins her chances of ever finding another job. A hefty fine just forces her right back on the street to come up with the money. Laws like these benefit nobody. Except for a few irresistible men.

— The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution



IF PROHIBITION COULDN'T CURB ALCOHOL, HOW CAN IT STOP SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

Unfortunately, suppressing human desires doesn't make them go away. It just makes them go underground. Much like prohibition in the Twenties, outlawing prostitution created a whole industry of vice, complete with disease, poverty and drugs. After two centuries of crackdowns, it's apparent that these laws aren't working. Because prostitutes still are.

— The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution

to collect money without due process," Goodson says. "When they came in, I was almost expecting that they'd have their hands out." She quickly adds through a smile, "They may have known that if I paid them off, I'd talk about it."

It's a win/win situation for corrupt police departments, which can claim to be enforcing the law while simultaneously making a lot of money. It reduces the district attorney's caseload and takes much of the cost of enforcement off taxpayers. In San Francisco, the situation also discourages actual diversion and encourages living off the earnings — and it essentially gives the police monopoly control over the city's legendary sex trade.

This situationally induced monopoly control in turn creates incentives for the police not to attack the trade, but actually to administer it, in much the same way police-controlled massage parlor licensing has in that industry. In essence, the police control who may or may not practice prostitution, becoming socially acceptable pimps. Who, really, is the perpetrator?

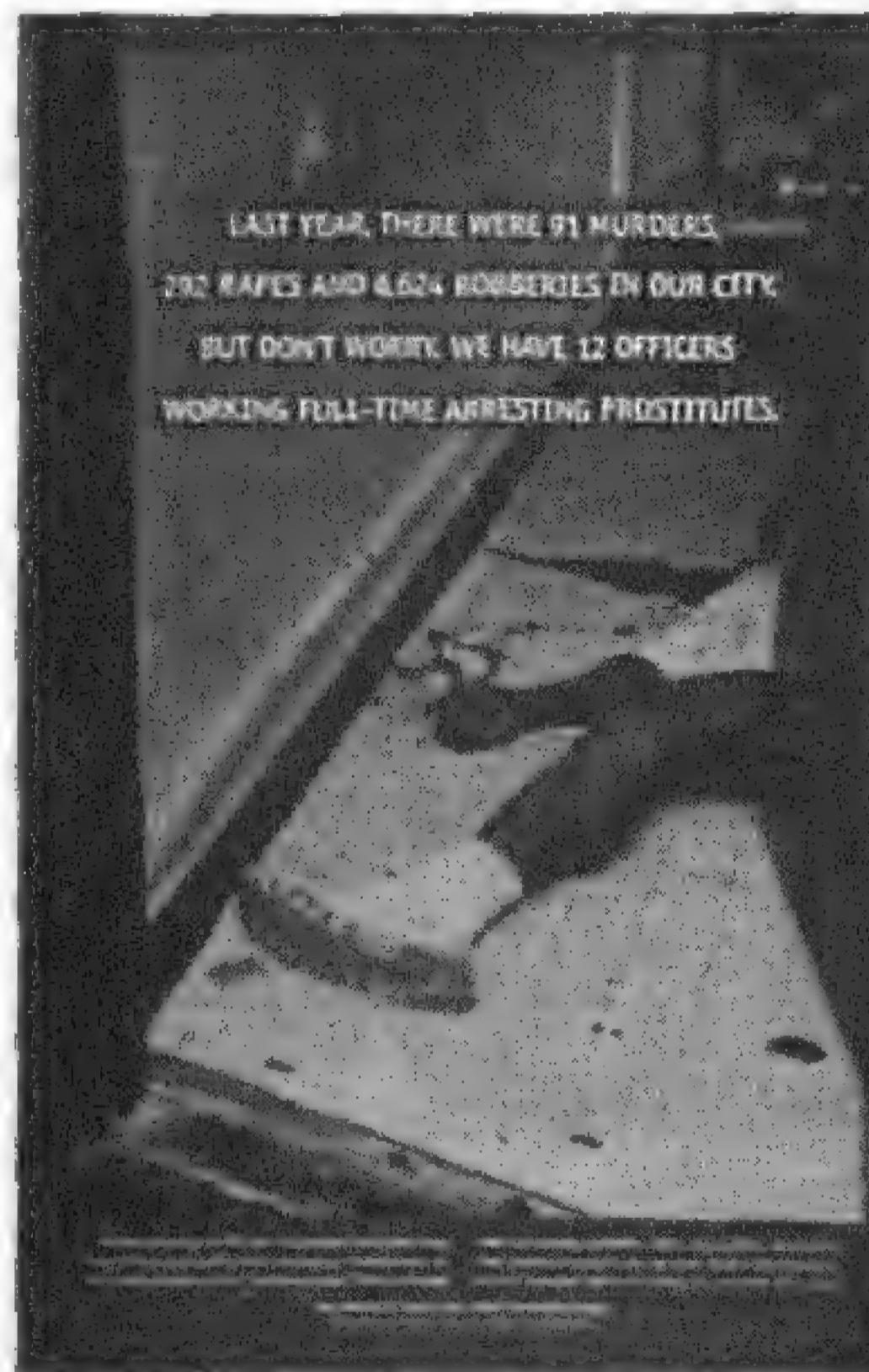
Despite these conflicts of interest, vice reform remains unlikely. People on all sides view decriminalization as "politically unfeasible." A climate of apathy, in which many would never dream of visiting a prostitute — much less *being* one — perpetuates the status quo. Residents near active red-light districts often don't care much about possible vice squad corruption as long as their streets remain relatively quiet and their taxes relatively low.

And the working women themselves aren't likely to speak up. "Even without the laws, like in Nevada, the social stigma is enough to keep people from really complaining much", Goodson explains. "It's just like when the Exotic Dancers Alliance talks about the problems that they've had with so-called 'stage fees' [money the dancers pay to clubs in exchange for the right to work there — a near-universal practice, though illegal under California labor laws — Ed.], she continues. "The answer we often get is, 'You're bad girls anyway; what do you expect?'"

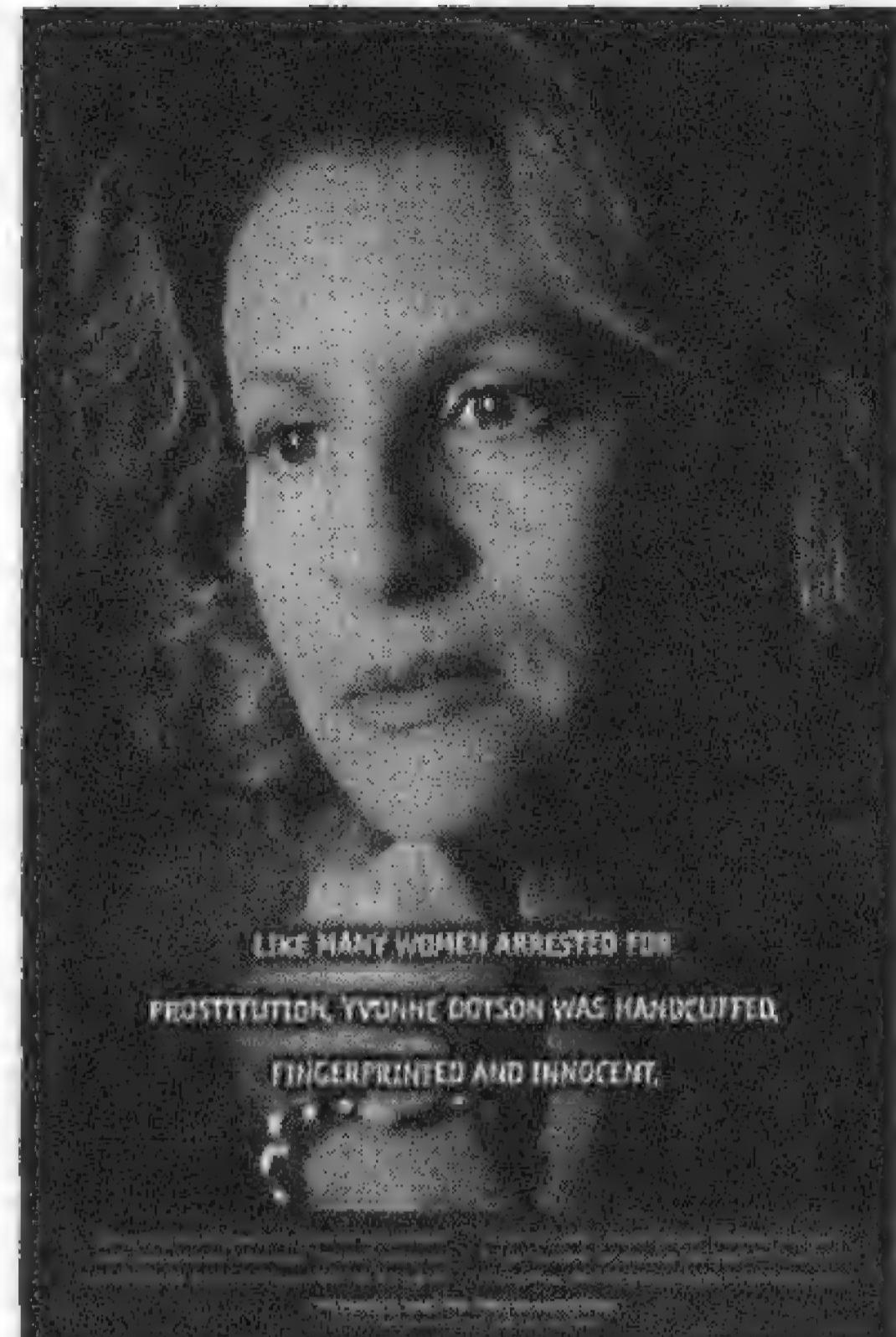
LIKE MANY WOMEN
ARREST FOR PROSTITUTION,
YVONNE DOTSON WAS
HANDCUFFED, FINGERPRINTED
AND INNOCENT.

Yvonne left a restaurant near Union Square one night and ended up handcuffed to a police station bench. That night of terror and humiliation left her unable to function for a year. And all it took was for police to "suspect" her of prostitution. Think about that the next time you're alone on the street after dark. Because if it could happen to a registered nurse with a Masters degree, it could happen to you.

— The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution



LAST YEAR, THERE WERE 91 MURDERS,
292 RAPES AND 6,624 ROBBERIES IN OUR CITY.
BUT DON'T WORRY. WE HAVE 12 OFFICERS
WORKING FULL-TIME ARRESTING PROSTITUTES.



LAST YEAR, THERE WERE 91 MURDERS, 292 RAPES AND 6,624 ROBBERIES IN OUR CITY. BUT DON'T WORRY. WE HAVE 12 OFFICERS WORKING FULL-TIME ARRESTING PROSTITUTES.

Neither drive-bys nor DUIs nor drug dealers could deter these busy officers from adding 4900 prostitution-related arrests to our already back-up court system last year. If they'd arrested even half as many murderers, rapists and burglars, we wouldn't have the kind of statistics you see above. When a law attempts to put our "morality" before our safety, it's not a law. It's a crime.

— The Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution

Compiled by the staff of Anything That Moves.

¹ Renata Huang, "Wages of Vice," S.F. Weekly, Dec. 2, 1998.

The posters presented on p.22-25 were published with the permission of the Margo St. James Task Force on Prostitution in San Francisco. The series of posters were part of a print and media campaign to raise awareness of sex workers' issues with the slogan, "The more you know, the more you'll support decriminalization." For more information about the posters or the campaign, contact COYOTE — Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics at 2269 Chestnut St., #452, San Francisco, CA 94123.

Peace Within You...

Photography and text by Patricia Kwon



Love is amazing...
making it is
even better.

A good flick is
like a drug...
a good drug is
like a vacation.



Periwinkle and hot pink are my spiritual colors...
yellow just makes me want to get up and hug you.



Yellowjackets
collect mud to
make homes
for their babies
and feed them
drugged-out
spiders...
big ones...
little ones...
red ones...
brown ones.



I advocate a good sale as much as I do every color of the rainbow,
because technically, we all come from three primary colors:
you, me, and everyone else.

Peace within you.

Patricia Kwon is a young Asian-American woman who strives for balance.
A little salty, sometimes sweet, an occasional tart.

Even Escorts Have Their

Troubles

Is the Money Worth the Price?

by Aaron Lawrence



hiners are a bit like black holes. They sit around absorbing attention from everyone around them without giving anything in return. No matter how much attention they receive, it is never enough.

Today's client is one such person. I am growing to hate him, mostly because his troubles are nowhere near as great as mine. Thomas, of course, has no idea of this. He is thoroughly enjoying having me as his captive audience.

"You feel very hurt by his actions," I reflect aloud. "How do you plan to resolve the issues in your relationship with Eric?" Inwardly I wonder why he is bothering to talk about this. His boyfriend is an alcoholic bum, but for some indecipherable reason, Thomas won't throw him out.

I wish he could look at things from my perspective. If he is going to keep the boyfriend around, couldn't he at least have the decency to stop talking about him? I can't solve their problems. Judging from the number of years they have been together, no one else can either.

Nestled in the comfort of my naked body, Thomas is feeling loved, safe, and warm. Having my captured ear is too good of an opportunity for him to pass up. "If I can just show him how much I love him," he continues unendingly, "he will have to change his ways. He really does love me, I can tell." Thomas looks at me almost pleadingly. He wants me to reassure him.

Silencing my inner thoughts, I force myself to smile. "Of course he loves you. He just sometimes forgets that fact." I would tell what I really think, but I have already tried that.

Thomas simply disagreed with me and continued his complaining. Now I understand that he has no interest in my opinion. He only wants to dump his troubles on me.

My thoughts grow angrier as he continues the conversation. His troubles are nothing compared to mine. I can't find a job with any of the smallest, most insignificant colleges in the country. I have over a hundred rejection letters. I could turn them into wallpaper and decorate my room. Wouldn't that be trendy? It would be a motif based on failure.

Unfortunately, there is more to my depression and anger than my career difficulties. Last night I tore Jeff's heart out when I told him I have become an escort. After several hours on the phone, he even began to cry.

"So what do you think?" Thomas asks.

I think I want to strangle him. "What I think isn't important," I reply in a neutral tone. "It's what you think that matters."

Thomas nods his head in agreement and begins babbling again. I promptly tune him out. I can't believe we finished having sex in the first 30 minutes of our two-hour appointment. Now I have to listen to him for the rest of the session.

I normally do not mind listening to my clients. They often share their most intimate secrets with me. However, I dislike listening to clients who fail to use even a slight amount of common sense to solve their problems.

Meanwhile I am upset about my own problems. I want hot sex to take my mind off my troubles, not Thomas's incessant whin-



ing. I mentally sigh to myself. At least I am being paid for this. The thought makes me curious. I start doing the math in my head: \$175 for two hours is about \$1.50 per minute. That's about two and a half cents per second. Somehow it doesn't seem nearly enough. Although time passes quickly, every minute seems like an hour when I listen to Thomas.

I know ignoring him is not the proper attitude for a successful callboy, but I am also aware perceptions are more important than reality. As long as Thomas doesn't realize I am ignoring him, he will think I am captivated by his every word. For all my irritation, I am too skilled to let him catch me ignoring him.

Snuggling back into the soft bed, I consider how I reached this point. For months during the summer, my parents watched me lose interest in my job search. They assumed my loss of motivation was from all the rejection letters I received. What they did not take into consideration was my overwhelming success in my newfound job as an escort.

The new pictures I had acquired were a great boost to my business. I was now routinely earning my goal of \$1,000 per week. In one week, I made almost \$1,500. I was losing interest in college administration because I no longer wanted to leave escorting and take a 50% pay cut.

Knowing none of this, my parents believed only that I was no longer seriously searching for a job. They fretted over the situation until two weeks ago. In a surprise move, they invited Jeff to move in with us. They hoped Jeff's arrival would bring me out of what they thought was my depression. After talking it over, Jeff and I decided he would move in after his sister's wedding in mid-September.

Jeff's impending move put me in a crisis. I wanted to live with him again, but I didn't want to give up escorting. I enjoyed my work far more than anything I had ever done before. At the same time, I knew Jeff would never approve of my new career. Telling him what I had done would make him feel hurt, betrayed, and disappointed in me. He would undoubtedly force me to choose between him and my new career. Life without Jeff was unimaginable. Unfortunately, the idea of returning to a "normal" job was becoming increasingly unappealing. Assuming I could even find one. My job search was still in ruins.

For weeks after my parents' offer, I clung to the hope that a small college would come to my rescue. Although the idea of working as a hall director no longer appealed to me, I was growing desperate. I might be able to give up escorting for a residence hall job, but Jeff or no Jeff, I would never give escorting up to wait tables or work behind a cash register.

My hopes grew dimmer with each passing day as rejection letters continued to arrive. Two days ago I finally accepted

that my job search had failed. There would be no job offer, no small college, and no happy ending to my summer in New Jersey. It was time to be honest about what I had been doing and wanted to do in the future.

So last night I spent three hours on the phone with Jeff. I came out to him as an escort. At least that was how I wanted to view it. In fact, the conversation was more like a confession. I admitted I had cheated on him and prostituted myself while we were living apart. Furthermore, I had lied to him numerous times to cover it up.

He was devastated. Although he had suspected I might be doing something along those lines, he had chosen to accept my word as the truth rather than question my integrity. It tore my heart to know I had irreparably damaged his trust in me. Yet I had made the decision to escort, so there was no one to blame for my lies except myself.

Jeff cried several times during the talk. He still loved me and wanted to be with me, but not at the expense of having a boyfriend that moonlighted as a callboy. In the end he gave me the expected ultimatum: the relationship or the career.

I chose the relationship. I promised I would not see any more clients, although I knew it was a promise I had no intention of keeping. I felt awful inside to know I was going to damage his trust in me yet again, but I saw no other way to keep both my career and my love life. I ended the phone call wondering if this is how the living damned feel.

Turning my thoughts to the present, I realize Thomas is looking at me. He must have asked me a question. "Sorry, Thomas, what did you just say?" I recover smoothly. "I was thinking about what you said a minute ago."

"I asked if you'd ever been in a relationship with someone as confused as Eric," he repeats, oblivious to my lack of interest.

"No, I can't say that I have." I decide to give Thomas a piece of my mind. "I've never dated someone like that because I would never allow someone to treat me that badly."

Thomas raises his voice as he half-heartedly denies my accusation. "He doesn't treat me badly. He just doesn't take my needs into account sometimes."

"Oh, don't give me that. It's a lot more than that and we both know it. He ignores you constantly because he wants to go out drinking. He only calls you when he needs money to pay his bills. At least I'm up front about having sex with you for money. He is prostituting himself to you but neither of you will admit it." My eyes blaze with anger and irritation.

See "Troubles" (p.30)

Troubles (from p.29)

Thomas is silent. I realize I have struck a nerve. Maybe now he will do something about Eric.

He recovers his composure and looks at me. "He doesn't prostitute himself to me. He just needs some help with his finances, and I can afford to help him out. It's my choice to do so."

I shrug my shoulders. "Okay, if you choose to stay with him, then you have to live with the consequences. There isn't anything I can do."

I realize my irritation with Thomas's whining is causing me to be unprofessional. It's not my place to tell him how to run his life. I have been hired to be nonjudgmental; to sit here, suck dick, and to stay out of his personal business. "Except be here for you if you need me to listen," I force myself to add. Irritating or not, his money is as good as anyone else's. I have a personal stake in keeping him happy. I fervently hope he will never need me to listen to his problems again. I can only take so much whining.

"Oh, you're so sweet," Thomas replies. "I appreciate knowing I can count on you when I need someone to talk to."

I smile as I begin ignoring him again. Predictably, he continues droning on. Out of the corner of my eye, I glance at the clock. 4:17. Forty-three minutes to go.

Shifting my thoughts back to Jeff, I wonder if I can ever reconcile him with my escorting career. Even if I can, what price

will he pay? Is it fair for me to put Jeff through such pain? Early in our relationship, I had several brief affairs. After telling Jeff about them, I said he would be better off with someone who could be sexually monogamous. The roads I need to travel in life may be painful for him. Yet he chose to stay. Does that give me the right to hurt him now?

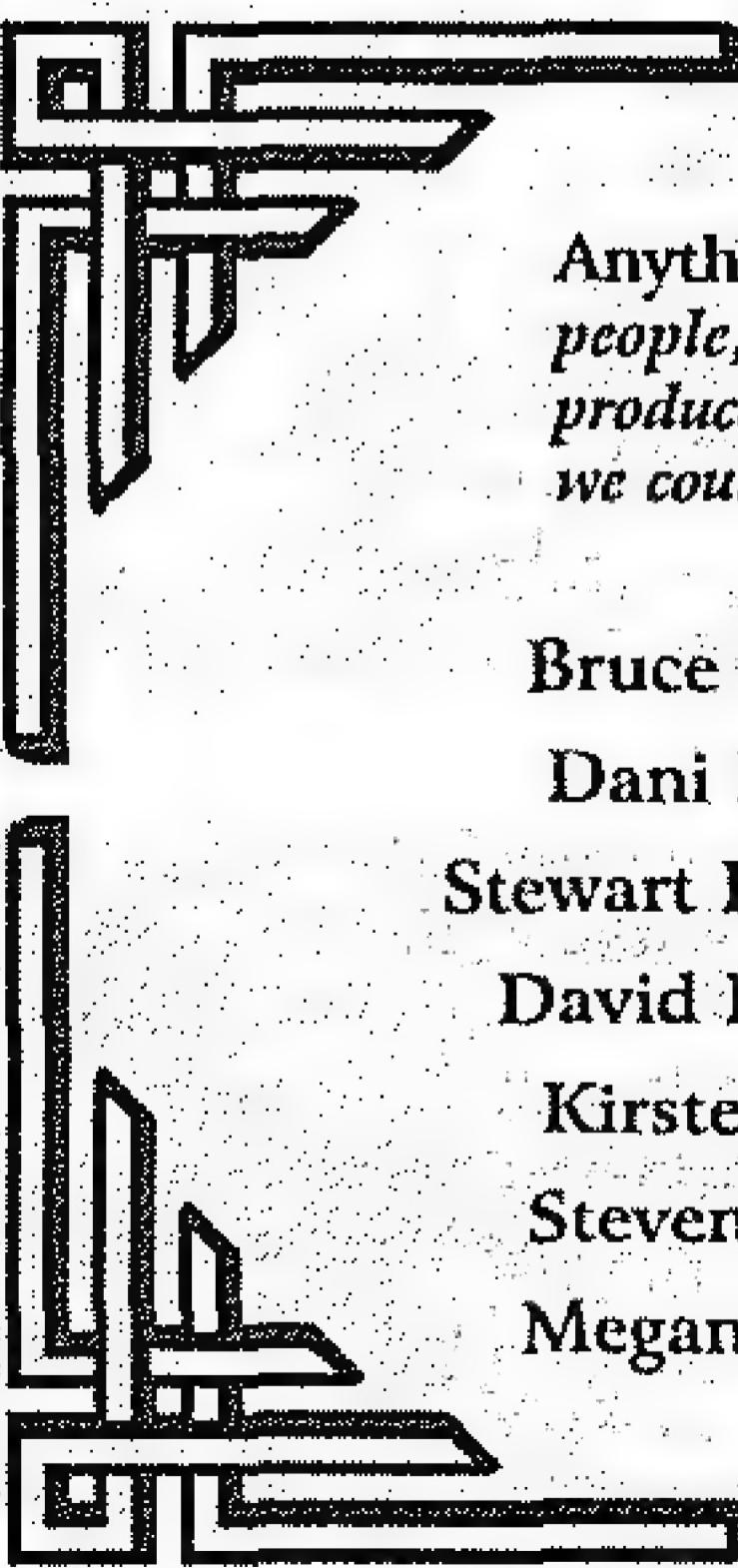
In the back of my mind, I realize I have already made my decision. I will escort for the remaining three weeks and then stop when Jeff moves in. Perhaps I can convince him to let me escort again. If not, I may sneak behind his back to do it. My work as an escort is too financially rewarding for me to give up easily.

I glance up at the clock. 4:22. Thirty-eight minutes left in the session. Then I begin the real countdown. Three weeks until the end of it all. I close my eyes and try to drown out Thomas's never-ending dialogue of dependency.

Three weeks to go. God only knows what will become of me then.

Aaron Lawrence has worked as an escort since May 1995. When not entertaining clients, he is pursuing a career as a porn star as well as producing his own line of amateur tapes. A long-time exhibitionist, Aaron can be seen on a number of adult Web sites and in the Sept. '98 issue of Freshmen. He is the webmaster of www.aaronlawrence.com, the most popular escort home page on the Internet. Aaron lives with his lover in suburban New Jersey.

This story is taken from Suburban Hustler: Stories of a Hi-Tech Callboy, available in May.



Anything That Moves would like to draw your attention to the following people, whose generosity and support kept us going so that we could produce the issue you're holding. Thanks, from the bottom of our hearts — we couldn't have done it without you!

Bruce Antink

Dani Bendit

Stewart Blackburn

David Bloxsom

Kirsten Bohl

Steven Butler

Megan Coffey

Brian Cronwall

Abigail Davis

Lance De Mello

Adam Geffen

David Guest

Jason P. Lorber

Peter Nellhaus

Eileen O'Brien

Monroe Pastermack

Suzanne Spurr

Lindasusan Ulrich

Michael Weaver

Len Weller

Kete Mirabile

by Rob Lightner

photographs by Missy Loewe

His love is a miraculous network. My body spins inside it; he has marked my space with points of pale red light connected with forceful movements. I know now what I had forgotten — my phantom pains are real again. Exoskeletal strength is our shared legacy, held over from distant cousins and returned to us. But we learn from experience, shoving over the old dirt and laying flat on pine boards to make love quietly under the clouds.

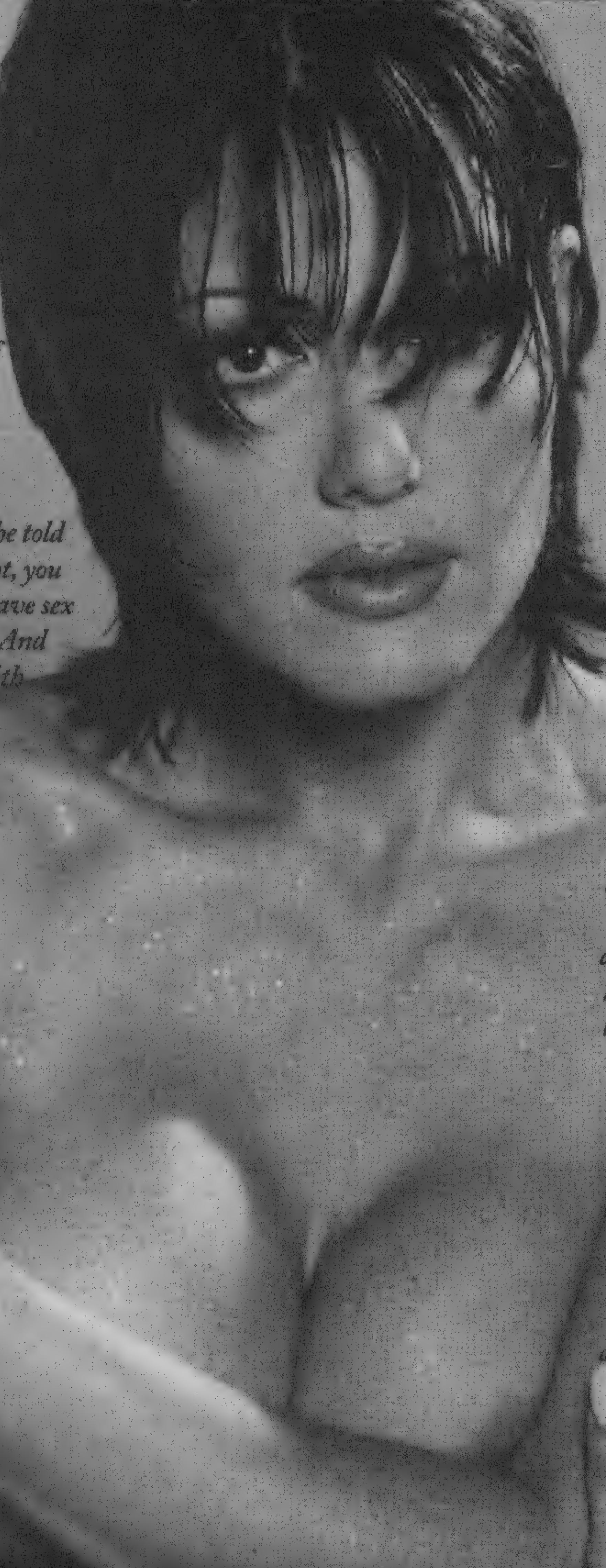
I have shown him my insides, but he is shy, frowning and looking away, when I move to inspect his. I am seductive and he will not choose to resist much longer. The sky is gray-blue and textured while we watch the reflections of our love in a nearby pond. He is spinning now, slowly but with increasing speed. I imagine that his penis is a drill bit and laugh out loud, he smiles again. I touch his red lines with my fingers and draw his body closer to show him how my parts are accessible. I peer inside, just as he looks down into mine, but he springs away, twelve feet above me now.

Reminded that each has its time, I turn my body prone and wait for his return. Watching maple leaves falling, slowly. He lands on my buttocks like a whisper and kisses my skin with just his lips, at first. Our involuntary motion brings pleasure to the secret parts and then his colored spots mix with mine. It is autumn now and we were born yesterday.

ROB LIGHTNER is a freelance writer living in San Francisco. He has been a scientist, a librarian, and a sex educator. He shot a film about Jim Jones just to watch him die.

*Born in Flushing
Queens, NY in 1964,
Jeanna Fine has been
making adult films
under a variety of
names since 1985.*

*Sexually adventurous
from an early age, she
originally got into the
world of porn because of
her relationship with a
boyfriend and his wife,
the adult film actress
Siobhan Hunter. Or as
Jeanna puts it, "When she told
me about it I just thought, you
mean they'll pay me to have sex
with beautiful women? And
they have to have sex with
me? Cool!"*



*It's this confluence of
sexuality, power, and
money that for Jeanna,
like so many sex work-
ers, informs her sense of
herself. Her sexuality
and her body are not, in
her life, so much the site
of a political struggle as
the means to making a
living. Having had
surgery to make herself
more marketable, she
does not agonize about
the implications to
feminism, but simply
refers to her implants
as, "My girls, Cash and
Flo." In conversation
she comes across as
open, funny, and
whip-smart.*

Jeanna Fine took time out from an insanely busy schedule of movie shoots, the monthly column she writes for Hustler magazine, and strip club appearances to talk to me about issues of identity, being a porn star mom, and the agony of false eyelashes.

Let's start with the identity question. The word "bisexual" — is that a label you use for yourself?

You know, that's one of the most frequently asked questions, "Which do you prefer, sex with women or sex with men?" And it's so banal. If it feels good, and it tastes good, and it smells good and all that stuff, then it's got to be good. There's

and *Playboys* and stuff. When he would go out hunting in the mornings, or to the track in the afternoons, I would pore through these magazines and read the articles. I really wanted him to love me, so I thought that maybe I was supposed to let him have sex with another woman or something, like what I was reading in all these stories.

So I invited this girl that I knew liked him, and I knew that he liked her. She and I were out drinking and I snuck her into his house. I walked in naked, and on a verbal cue she came in naked. He looked all baffled, but you know... Anyway, they started to screw. She was sitting on him and I was sitting

Sex, Power and Identity

An Interview with Jeanna Fine

conducted by Jack Random

bad sex with men and there's bad sex with women.

But the word itself — do you call yourself bisexual?

No, because it's just great sex. I just want to have good sex. Labels just kind of get in the way, I think. Labels hang people up. They stop people from having a good time and exploring themselves because, "Oh my God! I might be gay!" Or they think, "If I like this, then I'm that," instead of just guilt-free sex... guilt-free safe sex.

Did you ever feel confused about your identity?

Extremely. Where I grew up in upstate New York, if there were any gay people we didn't know about them. There was, like, one black kid, and he was adopted into a white family. It was very redneck, very low education, farmer types, so I didn't know anything about porno. I didn't even see a movie until a week before I did one. I didn't know anything about tittie bars or stripping. The closest I'd come to magazines was finding a *Penthouse* in the summer cottage of a friend of my mother's.

I remember just being blown away. I remember hiding behind the couch. I was probably like 11 or 12, I was supposed to be cleaning this cottage, and I was hiding, just feeling the blood rush to my cheeks, and my heart pounding in my head, and my mouth all dry, and just being amazed by what I was seeing. I was reading these stories and feeling these feelings, and I thought that I must be gay, that there's something wrong with me because I'm being turned on by these pictures of women.

Then, later on at about 18, I was living with someone 15 years older than me who had an old stockpile of *Penthouse*

behind her and while they were fucking he was looking at me over her shoulder, kind of quizzically.

Not really knowing what to do, I reached around and touched her breast. That's all I did. I'd been flipping through these articles and I thought, "Well, this is what you're supposed to do," and besides, I really wanted to touch her. So I did, and she jumped up and hit me, and ran out of the room. And he decked me. He called me a "fucking dyke." She was screaming and grabbed her clothes, and I never spoke to her again. Every time after that, when he'd have a few drinks, I'd get beaten up and called a lesbian. And I thought, "All this just because I went to touch her."

After that I was completely convinced that real people did not do these things. These were only stories. You were a lesbian if you wanted to do this stuff. Or maybe just sick people in the big city did this stuff. I never tried it again, obviously. [Laughs]

After the third beating or so, I left. I was about 20. I moved to the big city, shaved my head, and started listening to The Clash and Depeche Mode. This was about '83, '84. I moved to Albany, the capital of New York, which is a very small city. There was like one street of punk rock, and that's where I wound up going.

That's where I met Gary Window, who kept telling me that his wife [Siobhan Hunter - Ed.] would really love me. After the last thing that happened, I was a little concerned about that, but he was the saxophone player for the Psychedelic Furs, and one night she came to a gig and met me there. She had this little Catholic school girl uniform, and red hair, and

See "Jeanna Fine" (p.34)

Jeanna Fine (from p.33)

this Irish brogue, and she immediately stuck her tongue down my throat. Just like, "Hi, how are you?" Gack! ... So I moved in with them that night.

I felt right at home and at peace, and finally realized that I wasn't sick and that other people were sick, not me. It was right then that I just kind of realized that people are people, and you can get caught in labels and hurt yourself with them. That's not to say that people who have chosen to label themselves gay or bisexual... it's great that works for them. But for me, I've just found it an uncomfortable place, and a limiting place, so I just have great sex and don't worry about it.

"Jeanna Fine" is like getting to play dress-up, like being a little girl and getting to play fantasy dress-up all the time.

You were talking about your relationship with Gary and his wife and how that made you feel. I was wondering, you've obviously had sex with lots of women and you have a primary relationship with a man now, but have you ever had an emotional relationship with a woman?

I have had, in my past, beautiful relationships with women. When I wasn't married I had a girlfriend and we'd spend great Saturdays and Sundays together. We'd get to go shopping and then do long bubble baths and eat in bed. I described her as my kitten. I always just used to explain to men, "All the great things that you love about women, well, it's the same reasons that I love them. They smell good, they feel good, they're soft, and they're sweet, and I can feel powerful around them and confident, and all of that stuff." They just, you know, make you feel good.

I had that with Savannah [an adult film star who committed suicide in 1994 – Ed.] for a while before the world was just too much for her to bear, and then she was not a nice person, in public, and was not good for me or to me, so that ended. Zara White was another. Just a wonderful girl who believed in feeling good. I actually met her on the set of *House Of Dreams* and after that we were pretty much inseparable for a long time.

When you were with a woman, did you find yourself moving in lesbian circles at that time?

Yes and no. I was not comfortable in the lesbian bar scene. I found that there were a lot more games going on there than in straight bars. So now I'm kind of in the position of it having been a very long time since I've had a relationship with a woman.

It's also difficult being married to a monogamous man who's comfortable being that. That's what he wants, and what he's comfortable with for himself. He'd be happy for me if I found somebody that I felt good with, but then what? Is she my wife who takes care of my husband and my kid when I'm gone? Then what?

It's hard. To define these relationships and your position in the house is a lot of work. Just having a marriage alone is enough of a job, and being a mother and an entertainer and trying to find room for myself in all of that. Who!

I was going to ask you if you felt part of the queer community, but I'm getting the sense that you mostly just don't have time to be anything other than the roles you've adopted for yourself.

Exactly. I'm anticipating my retirement, when for the first year or so I can be nothing and no one except mommy and wife. Then the year after that I'll get to find me, and maybe take some theater and some college literature classes, and maybe some time after that start trying to get involved in any sort of community. Right now I'm having a hard enough time just trying to be a soccer mom.

Like so many of the rest of us, it's just hard to be a parent and a mate and to make a decent living at the same time. You get worn down.

Yeah, you do. So, rather than wear myself down any more emotionally or mentally, I really want to be a positive force in my son's life. To be a happy mommy and a healthy mommy. That's my focus right now.

He's growing up without labels and hang ups and things of that sort. I have all these dreams of him growing up and knowing all my mixed friends, my gay friends, and all the lifestyle choices and so we talk about these things as openly as we can with a four-year-old.

Since you brought up your son, how are you going to explain your career to him when he gets older? Do you think that's even going to be an issue for him?

No, I don't. He's already kind of "getting it." He's a computer genius, and before we even knew that there were educational games for the computer he was playing Duke Nukem. On, like, level 13 at age 2. And there were these strippers on this one level, and he's figured out now that when you push one button, Duke gives them money and they take their tops off and shake these little tasseled titties at him. He used to shoot these girls because he thought they were part of the monsters, but then we told him, "No, no, no! Those are Mommy's friends! That's Mommy working!" So now he understands a little bit better.

He understands that Jeanna Fine is the one that comes home and has all the sparkly stuff in the suitcase, and he gets to peel

Jeanna Fine's eyelashes off. Jeanna Fine is the one that works really hard. He always says, "Mommy's tired, she worked hard." He knows what that's about, and he knows that I'm Mommy when I'm wearing jeans and I don't have the eyelashes on. He really gets it now.

I did this *Penn and Teller Sin City Spectacular* [television show]. We were watching it, and when he saw me on the TV — when they announced Jeanna Fine and I came out on stage, and I gave a little wink and a wave — I think that's when it really clicked for him, "Oh, that's Jeanna Fine!" Because he said to somebody later, "Watch, watch, here comes Mommy being Jeanna Fine."

Now that's interesting. Do you put on "Jeanna Fine" as a sort of "working" personality?

Yeah, I mean, it's me, I don't change what I say or do, so much. I mean, if I were to go out with my husband to a night club around here, which happens once in a blue moon, I don't put on the eyelashes, lipstick, high heels or all that stuff. I'm still the same person with my regular clothes on.

But "Jeanna Fine" is like getting to play dress up, like being a little girl and getting to play fantasy dress up all the time. I've always loved being the center of attention, and as a little girl, before I knew what an actress was, I was being one, putting on plays and all that. So I think for me it's just an extension of that.

I take these extended breaks where I work for three or four months at a time, and then I take two or three months off. Just when I think I can't bear putting on eyelashes one more day, I get to come home and not do that and just be Mommy.

You know, you wouldn't think, in your business, that the eyelashes would be the physical stress.

For me it is! At this point anyway — four pairs of eyelashes. Let me tell you, you take them off at the end of the day and your eyes fly open! I've got the biggest muscles on my body in my eyelids. So anyway, after I take a break, just when I'm starting to feel that I'm not exciting or sexy any more, I get to go back out and wow hundreds of men every night. So for me, "Jeanna Fine" is a healthy extension of myself.

I don't ever foresee having that completely gone. When I talk about retiring, I just mean not having such a busy schedule. For as long as I look good and feel good about doing it, I will probably get out there and shake my booty.

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Keeping the "Sex" in Sex Therapy

My Work as a Surrogate Partner

by Linda Poelzl

I sat facing Roy, taking notes as we got acquainted. He was my first client, a 38-year-old "technical virgin," never having had penetrative sex with a woman. Shyly, he related what he considered the "primal incident" that caused him to become impotent.

"She started going down on me — giving me oral sex — while I was driving. I got so excited, but nervous, that I had to pull over. By then my erection had disappeared. I thought there was something wrong with me. I've had this problem ever since. Do you think you can help me?" he asked, looking at me through sad, blue eyes.

I smiled reassuringly and put down my pen. Our work had begun...

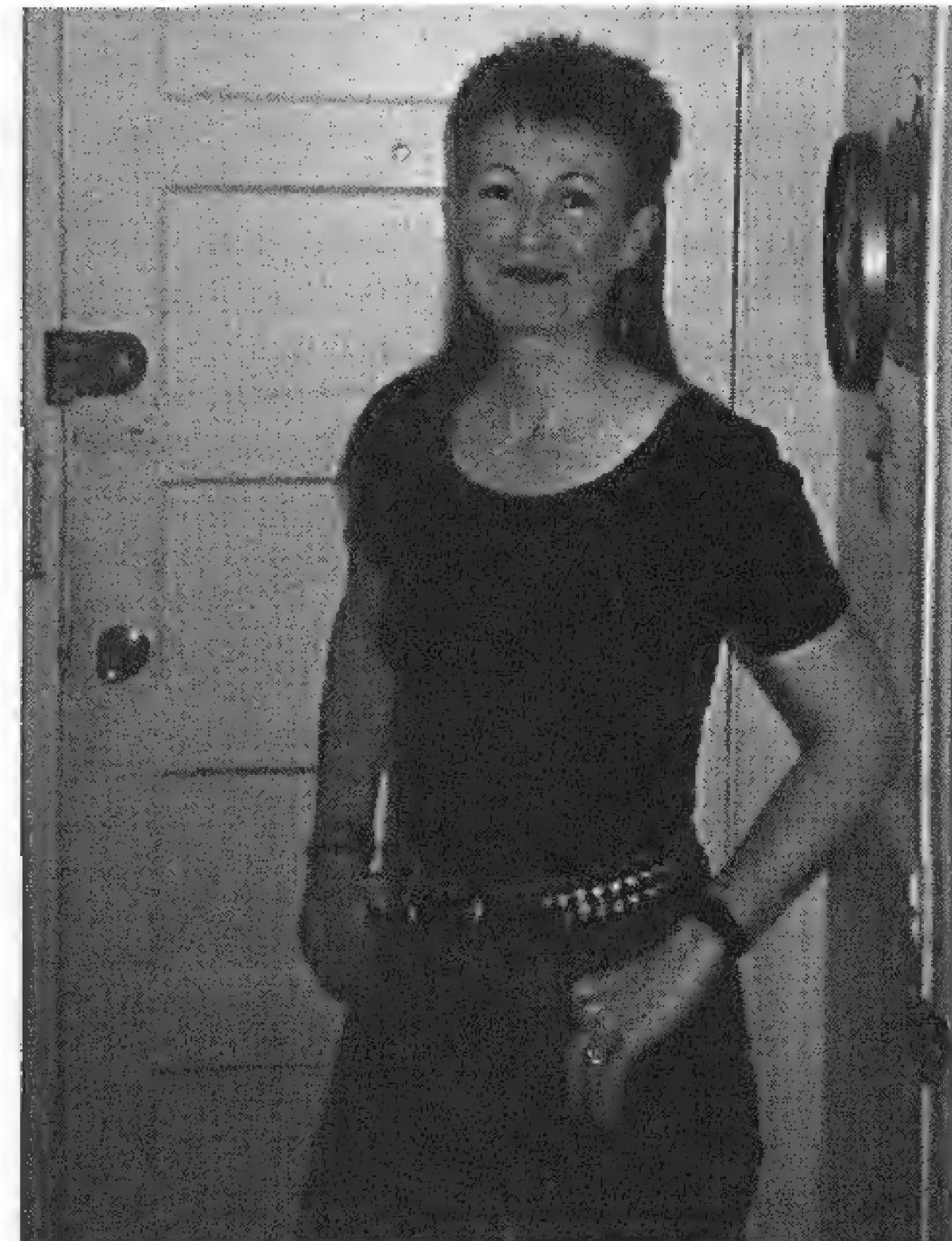
I am a surrogate partner. They used to call us "sex surrogates" — a term that became sensationalized in the '60s and '70s, probably due to a mistaken link to prostitution.

Surrogate work is a form of sex therapy. The client is referred by a therapist for an educational process that focuses more on building intimacy and communication than on immediate sexual gratification. There is no "contract" for intercourse or any sex act. Conversely, prostitution and other forms of legal sex work (i.e., peep shows, lap dancing) are seen more as entertainment. The client negotiates for a specific sex act or service, and the contact is usually short term.

The Birth of Surrogate Partner Therapy

Sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson began using sex surrogates in the late '50s and early '60s. After completing 11 years of laboratory research and determining what "normal sexual functioning" was¹, they developed a two-week therapeutic treatment program designed primarily for married couples with sexual dysfunctions. For single clients (mostly male) without partners, or married ones who for some clinically significant reason could not do the program with their partners, they trained "partner surrogates" to stand in.² The treatment was primarily behavioral, using relaxation and touch exercises, and it proved helpful for many couples, but was not universally effective.

In the '80s and '90s, sex therapy began to evolve from the Masters & Johnson model. Medical and pharmacological treatments, particularly for erectile dysfunctions, were devel-



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF LINDA POELZL

oped (Viagra being the most recent), and therapists began focusing more attention on interpersonal dynamics in the couples' relationship.³

Surrogate Work Today

Surrogate partner work today consists of a three-person team: the client, the therapist — who has evaluated and referred the client — and the surrogate. In order for the therapy to be successful, the three must communicate openly. The surrogate's task is to build rapport and create a space for a trusting relationship to develop with the client, so that the client can work on his or her sexual concerns. For the therapist, who will usually see the client between every one or two sessions with the surrogate, the task is to guide the process, to identify and address the psychological issues that arise, as well as to support the client and the surrogate throughout the course of therapy.

People usually turn to sex therapy because they are dissatisfied with their sexual lives (or lack thereof). Women are usually dissatisfied with orgasm or penetration. Men most commonly seek assistance with rapid ejaculation (previously called "premature ejaculation"), and erectile concerns (formerly known as the dreaded "impotence"). Since the term "impotent" tends to refer almost to a character defect, while the term "erectile dysfunction or difficulty" puts the problem in more of a medical category, these less stigmatizing, more politically correct terms are now used most often. This helps the surrogate and therapist frame these common problems and their treatment in a more positive, less pathological light for the client. (In 1980, the disorder of "impotence" was removed from the DSM-III, the diagnostic manual for psychiatric professionals, and replaced with "male inhibited sexual excitement".⁴) Both men and women share concerns about social anxieties or inexperience (40-year-old virgins are

more common than one might think); fear of intimacy; low levels of arousal or lack of sexual desire; shame about sex; negative body images or physical disfigurements; physical disabilities; sexual trauma or abuse (rape or incest); sexual orientation concerns; underdeveloped social skills; and lack of social/sexual confidence.

The most common gender combination, not surprisingly, is the heterosexual male client with a female surrogate partner. For homosexual or bisexual clients, as well as heterosexual clients who need more of a "mentoring" experience, same-sex combinations can be appropriate. Heterosexual female clients, for example, can benefit from having a supportive relationship with another woman in which they can get more comfortable with their own bodies and self-pleasuring. A female surrogate can assist a client in learning how to better achieve orgasms by demonstrating how she masturbates. Clients who are transsexual/transgendered sometimes work with surrogates to develop comfort being sexual in their "new bodies" following surgery or hormone therapy.

Surrogates usually follow one basic therapeutic program, adjusting and building on it as necessary for each individual client. This program focuses on enhancing a set of foundation skills which help to develop a positive, healthy sexuality. These include breathing and relaxation (a relaxed body and mind are more receptive to sexual stimulation); focus and "grounding" (many people are distracted, anxious, and in their heads rather than their bodies during sex); communication (the most important aspect of all and often the ultimate solution to any interpersonal problem); and touch (including the most fundamental touching skills of stroking and caressing the skin). When appropriate to the client's goals, the latter may proceed to the sexual skills of genital touch, oral sex and intercourse.

This program generally requires at least seven to ten two-hour sessions, because a client's goals rarely can be met in less time. In fact, some clients need many more sessions — I once saw one client for 52 sessions!

As a surrogate, I design the first few sessions to build rapport and trust with my client. Concerns about attraction often come up here; male clients are frequently worried if they don't immediately feel a strong sexual attraction for the surrogate. What I have found, since I rarely feel a strong immediate sexual attraction for a client, is that the important thing in the beginning is to feel some rapport, or the potential for it. In my experience, as we begin touching and getting more intimate, attraction and arousal naturally build. But sometimes as I watch a client climb the long flight of stairs to my apartment, inwardly I think, "How am I ever going to get there with this client?" This is where the idea of willingness comes in. I am willing to be open to intimacy and sexuality with the client, and I trust that the process will allow for that to naturally emerge. Rarely has this failed to happen. Of course it's natural to feel more attraction to some people than others. There are some clients that I can't wait to fuck (and have to use all my professional skills to contain and channel that energy!). Then there are others that I never feel much arousal with (thank the Goddess for lubricant!), but we manage to do the work, and the client still benefits from the experience.

As the work progresses, clothes come off and the touch becomes more sensual and then sexual. In one session, I focus on education (officially called "the sexological" session), where I show pictures, answer questions about male and female sexuality, discuss safer sex and HIV/STDs, and then do a show and tell that is sort of like playing doctor — only, hopefully, sexier. I even have a speculum ready in order to offer the client a view of my cervix. Few turn down this opportunity, since they'll probably never have the chance again. Most people don't find it erotic. Rather, they are amazed at how much like "insides" it looks, maybe giving them a visual experience

See "Surrogate" (p.38)

Case Study: Karl

Karl is a 49-year-old man who wants to get comfortable being sexual with women. He came to me as a "technical virgin" (no actual penis/vagina sex), since he had had only affectionate contact — i.e., hugging, kissing, dancing — with women. Although the bulk of his sexual contacts had been with men, he did not identify as gay, since he had never had a love relationship with a man and felt "closer" to women. He described his sexual experiences for the most part as being orgasmic but lacking in passion or heat. In fact, most of the sex he'd had in his life had been with himself.

When we started our work, Karl immediately wanted to move fast, hoping that accomplishing penetration would change his feelings. Not surprisingly, it didn't. His desire to fuck me was based not on genuine lust but on an urgent need to prove that he could do it. In truth, he had no erotic feelings for women, but wanted to "get close" to them. He was "curious" and "in awe" of female bodies.

Right now, we are working on accepting what is true for him and exploring becoming more physically and emotionally intimate by allowing trust, sexual curiosity, eroticism and lust (which we haven't yet achieved) to develop naturally. It has been developmental; he felt like a little boy when we started and is now enjoying his adolescence. With Karl, my bisexuality is an advantage, because I can encourage him to honor his desire for both men and women and assure him that there are women out there who can appreciate that. Being one of those women, I can model that with complete sincerity. Most of all, I can remind him to honor himself and allow his own authentic sexuality to emerge.

Surrogate (from p.37)

of how vulnerable and trusting the act of allowing penetration is for a woman.

Once we're through the initial three to five sessions, it becomes more like seeing a lover. The final sessions become more sexual. Here is where the lover begins to emerge, and we can allow emotions and passions to flow freely. For me, it is especially satisfying to see a shy, uptight virgin transform into a lustful, passionate lover. My explanation may sound clinical, but surrogate work can be very hot.

With all this passion and intimacy happening, is there a danger of getting too attached or falling in love? The truth is that both partners usually do develop feelings of fondness, caring,

Case Study: Eileen

Not all surrogate work proceeds so positively. Eileen was in her mid 30s and had never had sex with a woman but was obsessing about it constantly. She was in a five-year relationship with a man, and her growing desire for women had begun to interfere seriously with their intimacy. Her partner had encouraged her to see a surrogate even if it threatened their relationship, since it was already in such turmoil due to her confusion about her feelings for women. Eileen was reluctant to date women, thinking that she would just be using them to experiment. Despite her need to imagine an erotic fantasy involving females in order to achieve orgasm, she insisted that she was still sexually attracted to and in love with her partner, John. Her therapist, who had been working with her for some time, felt that Eileen had been obsessing long enough — time to take some action.

Eileen came to see me for only one session. She was extremely anxious, so we spent time talking, doing relaxation breathing, and then touching and caressing arms and hands. Afterwards, she said that she'd compared my touch to John's and found it not that different. (Perhaps she expected to be transported to instant ecstasy by the touch of a woman, since she had fantasized about it for so long!) We didn't go any further than sensual touching. Eileen feared that having sex with a woman would cause her to "go off the deep end" — to leave John and become a lesbian. I attempted to discuss other possibilities, as her therapist had also done, but she couldn't conceive of anything but an either/or situation.

Needless to say, Eileen didn't return. In fact, she stopped seeing her therapist as well, who got a call from her a few weeks later saying that she had started taking Prozac again and was feeling much better. Personally, I wonder how long that lasted.

and love. And yes — the closure is built in and accepted from the beginning. Most relationships do end, even if we thought we were going to "live happily ever after." Ideally, when the client's goals have been achieved, we prepare for the closure session, where we can acknowledge and process all our feelings. In my experience, the closure is more often celebratory — although often a little sad as well — because the client can see how far he/she has come.

Questions of legality often come up; many people wonder how surrogate work is different from prostitution. I'd like to state for the record that I have a great respect for sex workers of all kinds, legal and illegal. I support decriminalization of prostitution, and I most certainly see myself in fact as a sex worker. Fortunately for me, the United States and most other countries have not legally defined surrogate work, and generally consider it "not illegal" as long as we uphold specific professional standards (i.e., always working with a licensed therapist). The International Professional Surrogates Association (IPSA) was first formed in 1973 as a support group for surrogates. By 1977 they had created a code of ethics and were training new professionals. Current IPSA President Vena Blanchard has never heard of a surrogate or therapist being sued, censured, or arrested for the work.

About the Case Studies

In presenting the case studies (see sidebars), I chose three focusing on sexual orientation concerns. Being bisexual has sometimes influenced or directed my work with clients, although most of the time it is a non-issue, since I don't automatically come out to clients. Personal disclosure for the surrogate is tricky. Since we are somewhere on the continuum between therapist and lover, it is appropriate to share personal feelings and information to some extent.

Whether or not I disclose my sexual orientation depends on how this could affect the client's process. For some clients, dealing with the fact that I am bisexual would simply be unnecessary added stress and would interfere with the therapeutic goals. And then there are other situations where the client was specifically referred to me because I am a bisexual woman and am usually out to other therapists I work with.

All three cases involved misunderstandings about bisexuality and rigid ideas about sex roles, relationships, and how families are formed. Unfortunately, I see these attitudes often in my practice. Either/or thinking is also very evident. Eileen felt she either could be with her partner and be happy with him, or find out she was attracted to women and become a lesbian. Arthur shrugged off his feelings for men and wanted to just "get functional" with women.

Nurturing a Rich Sexuality

In the perfect sexual world that I like to envision, none of these clients really had a problem. They could just be honest with their partners, explore options for relationships (polyamory, non-monogamy, etc.) and enjoy the richness of their sexuality. Eileen could happily enjoy sex with women and bring her stories and experiences back to John. She might even discover that accepting her attractions for women and beginning to act on them would reduce the obsessive nature of her desires and allow for a more balanced perspective. If Arthur could be honest and open about his attractions and experiences with men while maintaining his desire to have a committed relationship that included children, he would find partners with whom he could work out a mutually desirable arrangement. If Karl could let go of his urgency about getting functional with women, and focus on discovery and playfulness, he might actually have more fun with the process.

In my work, I strive to provide a very accepting, sex-positive environment in which my clients can let their sexuality blossom, rather than simply helping them decide if they are bisexual, heterosexual, or homosexual. I could certainly model that kind of straightforward acceptance, but it's not very applicable to the real world. Because of biphobia and misinformation, how many partners are likely to welcome the information that a new romantic interest of theirs is also interested in the same/other gender? Unfortunately, not that many.

Despite the challenges, I love the work. For me, it is very fulfilling and satisfying. As a surrogate partner, it's exciting to see my clients blossom as their sexual energy emerges and starts flowing stronger and clearer. I am honored to be a part of their process. I also see a spiritual component to the work, as I'm sure many other sex workers do. As a Pagan, part of my personal preparation for a session includes invoking Aphrodite. I ask Her to help me turn the shining, loving face of the Goddess on each man or woman who comes to me in pain — and believe me, they are in pain by the time they've walked up those 32 steps to my door!

In addition, my spirituality helps me access my own physical desire and arousal, which allows me to do my work better. By seeing the God/dess in each person, I am able to see beyond their physical presence. Even if they are not someone I would ordinarily be attracted to, through Her eyes they are beautiful and desirable. Everyone's inner (and outer!) beauty becomes visible when they are turned on, because sexual energy is so powerful and healing.

Finally, as a bisexual woman I can add to my work the richness and perspective of being a sexually positive person and a sexual visionary. I imagine a different world and am working with people who don't fit comfortably into the accepted paradigm of our culture as it is now. Changing paradigms is a gradual process. I'm doing my part, little by little, person by person.

Case Study: Arthur

Arthur, a 35-year-old man, had primarily been sexual with men, but claimed to like women and wanted to become more comfortable sexually with them. He didn't find his sexual encounters with women that pleasurable mostly due to his own concerns about penis size — he was smaller than average — and body image — he was overweight. He also had an extreme aversion to body fluids, his own as well as his partner's. Never having been in love with a man, he could only imagine that kind of relationship with a woman.

During our work, Arthur developed more comfort in being sexual with me, at least about his skill level. He didn't really want to identify as bisexual, assuming — despite my efforts to reassure him — that most women would reject him. His plan was to get skillful enough at being sexual with women that he would feel confident dating one, getting married and having a family. He seemed to think his attractions for men would fade away or not be an issue.

I suggested instead that he "include" his desires for women, rather than trying to eliminate or erase his natural attraction to men. Arthur chose to leave therapy before these issues were resolved satisfactorily.

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This started in high school. My date for the prom was a woman, but that was just because we didn't have male dates. My friends were rumored to be lesbians. I didn't mind, at that time, because I'd rather be a lesbian than the wife of any of my male classmates.

This started at a party in college. I wanted to spend the night with someone, but could not admit it. Not to her. Not to me. My stomach hurt with fear. I felt the thought come forward and then run, screaming, to a secret part of my brain where things exist, but are not acknowledged.

This started in a bar in Portland. I met a woman and we talked the night away. We never touched. At least, not in a sexual way, but I couldn't get the thought of sex out of my mind. It was powerful, and fun, and exciting. We exchanged addresses and continued on our way the next morning.

She could have touched me and I could have touched her. We could have kissed. We could have caressed. We could have...

Why am I thinking this?

It was strong and it was unavoidable. A friend listened to my fears and my concerns. "Don't tell your husband. Just have an affair on the side. He'll never know," she said. Some people can do that, but I'm not one of them.

I told him. Voice shaking, hands clutching bed sheets, ears waiting for an outburst. "No, you're not crazy," came through the dark. "And we have more in common than you think, because I've been thinking about sleeping with men."

Seven years of marriage, ten years of being a joined-at-the-hip couple, and neither of us ever knew.

It was wonderful.

It was awful.

Slowly, carefully, I broached the subject with friends.

"Oh yes. I'm bisexual. Didn't you know that?" "I've never done it, but I've always been curious." "So-and-so is gay, too, didn't you know about him?"

Apparently, I knew nothing.

The beginning of this coming-out process occurred in the midst of a move from the Midwest to the West coast. A moving truck and many miles of road led us to our new home. A town with a gay bar just a few blocks away. A town on the outskirts of a city with theater, music, culture, and cultural diversity. Surely someone here would understand.

We started going to the local gay bar. He picked one night, I picked another. He found friends, men hit on him, people talked easily and comfortably. He cut his hair, started wearing jewelry, used my makeup to hide his wedding ring tan line, and liked it there.

I danced, looked around, stared, stopped staring, met people, and talked.

"My ex-husband just didn't get it when I told him I was a lesbian..." "My kids are confused, but they're getting used to it." "My ex understood. I mean, I used to call myself bisexual, so he always knew that someday, maybe..."

"Oh..." I stammered. "Well, my husband and I came out to each other two months ago. Ten years and neither of us knew."

Cooling words of understanding were uttered and it felt good on my stomach.

"So, when are you getting a divorce?"

The pain of fear and confusion replaced the fuzz of comfort.

"I... uh... I don't know what's going to happen. I mean, it's only been two months..."

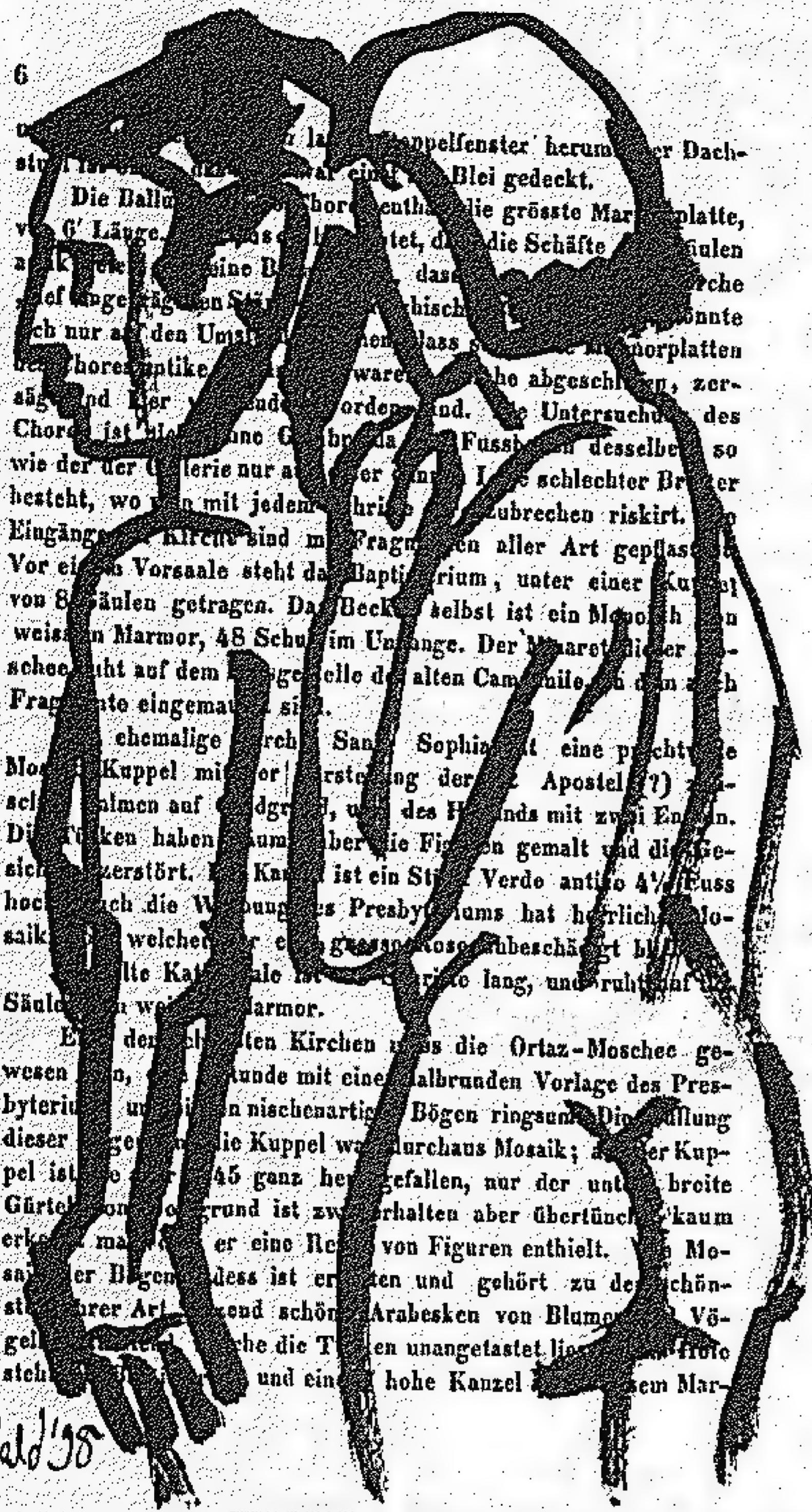
They were not impressed.

I decided I shouldn't go to the bar. I didn't like the way it made the time I spent at home more severely lonely and confused, and a bar is not a safe hole to be hidden in.

"Don't you feel like you fit in there?" a friend asked during yet another long-distance phone conversation. I felt as though I were standing on the in-between, like I was neither here nor there. Visiting a gay bar was a lot like visiting a straight bar — only half of me wanted to enjoy it fully, while the other half hung around, sulking, wondering, hiding, and stilling my more adventurous tendencies.

STANDING ON THE IN- BETWEEN

BY ADORA



Besides, I couldn't slow dance. I mean, I know how and I like to do it, but I couldn't take that step. Not then. Not with a woman. It might lead to more. It might lead to a relationship, and that's not fair to her, or him, or me. I don't slow dance.

Sex with my husband changed. It increased. It decreased. It fluctuated and it modified. Oral delights replaced almost all other habits. Passion increased as we discussed our secret desires, and decreased as we met people who might fulfill those desires.

Envy over his potential adventures slithered through my gut and my thoughts. According to tales told by informed and semi-informed friends, and according to descriptions I read in books about the homosexual community, there are two

cultures. Gay men are more physical and non-emotional. Lesbian women are more emotional and almost entirely non-physical. I mulled over my image of men frolicking, carelessly, with one another; sexual delights flowing from every corner, be it shadowed or filled with light. I compared that to my image of women cuddling in barely sexual manners; living lives that only required long, boring, black dresses, habits, and daily attendance at a religious institution to be identifiable as nun-like. Why couldn't I be a man? If given the choice, I'd rather be a slut than a nun.

I waited for my husband to enter his world fully. I waited to be left behind. I wondered if I should end my marriage. I wondered if I'd been a 10-year excuse.

He insists that he will not leave me and adamantly declares that he does not want me to leave him. "We are bisexual!" he says with conviction. Bisexual and capable of loving more than one person or gender. "Or, maybe it's just a phase," he mutters, his voice losing some of its previous strength.

He can't see himself living with another man and I ask if that's because he has yet to see other men living together. He doesn't answer.

We both fantasize about creating a four-person relationship and then muddle through trying to envision the nitty-gritty of such a connection. Who would cook dinner? How would time be split between loves? Where would we sleep?

He loves me and I love him. I know this is true. Perhaps that's the strongest reason of all — the reason why I should end the relationship. Why I should let him go.

Entire days disappear into tears. At night I try to sleep but still feel on the edge of crying. Self-derision for being weak, for being naive, and for feeling sorry for myself pours from every crevice in my brain.

The crisis line phone number makes an atonal song in the earpiece of my kitchen phone. "What is the nature of your problem?" Halting descriptions, interjected with silences as I try to formulate the issues into an easy-to-understand, under-two-

See "In-Between" (p.42)

In-Between (from p.41)

hour description. What do they need to know? Why can't I stop crying?

"I am grieving for you," the woman says in her Asian accent. I like her accent. It gives me something other than my life to concentrate on. Something new to try to understand and communicate with. Something that has nothing to do with me. She gives me a referral.

I call. And call. And call.

Finally, a voice. An introduction. Another halting description. A discussion of price. I can't afford counseling. I need someone to talk to, but I can't afford it.

"Is coming out your primary issue?" asks the man at the counseling center for sexual minorities.

"It's a major one," I reply, "though not the only one. But, part of the reason I was sent to you is because I really, really don't want to end up with a counselor who...you know..."

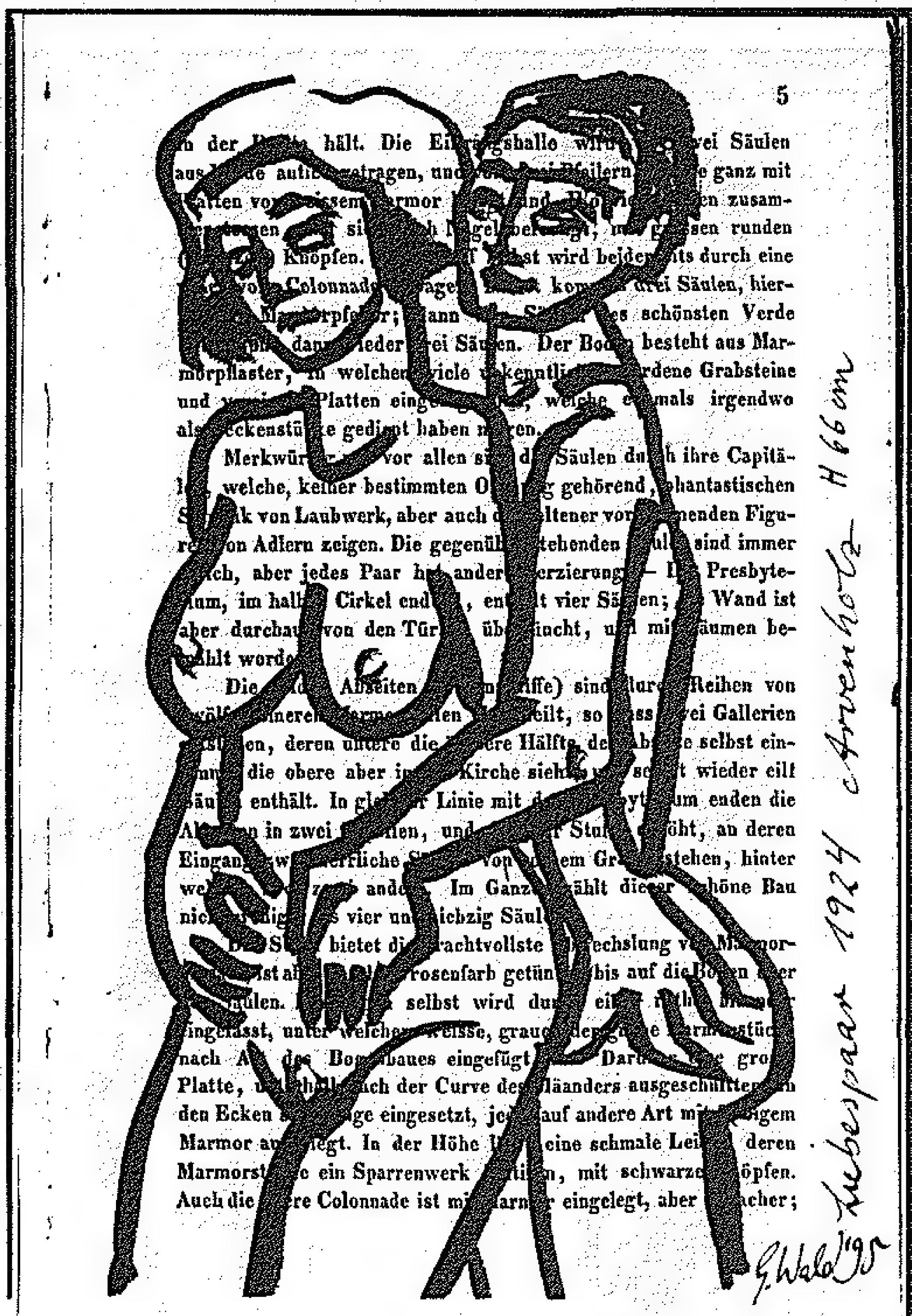
"Lesbians are bad." He chuckles.

"Yes," I reply, and wonder why he used the word lesbian. Is being bisexual unacceptable, or just confused? By being bisexual am I just trying to mess with people's minds and lives? Am I trying to keep the door open to male and female relationships so that I don't have to make a decision? Am I avoiding moving from one world to the other? Is being on the in-between a sign of laziness, or fear, or...?"

He refers me to two private practices, one run by a lesbian woman, the other run by a gay man. I call the woman and leave a message.

And here I sit. Waiting for my new job to begin. Waiting for a call from a lesbian counselor who will, at least, listen as my world cracks and crashes. Waiting for everything to suddenly become clear and generally absent of pain. Waiting to make friends in my new hometown. Waiting for a time when death doesn't seem so pleasantly quiet and numb. Waiting.

And, as I stand on the in-between, I wonder at this closet



5
in der Halle hält. Die Eingangshalle wird von zwei Säulen aus weißem Marmor getragen, und die Wände sind ganz mit Platten vom gleichen Marmor bedeckt und mit goldenen Reliefs verziert, welche sich nach Regelwerk, in geschwungenen runden Kreisen aufstellen. Der Fußboden ist aus Marmortreppenplatten, dann folgen wieder Säulen. Der Boden besteht aus Marmorplaster, in welchen viele unkenntliche und verdrehte Grabsteine und andere Platten eingelassen sind, welche einmal irgendwo als Steckensäule gedient haben müssen.

Merkwürdig vor allen sind die Säulen durch ihre Capitäl, welche, keiner bestimmten Ordnung gehörend, phantastischen Stil von Laubwerk, aber auch der älteren vornehmenden Figuren von Adlern zeigen. Die gegenüberstehenden Säulen sind immer verschieden, aber jedes Paar hat eine Verzierung — Im Presbyterium, im halben Cirkel endend, entsteht vier Säulen; die Wand ist aber durchaus von den Türmen überspannt, und mit Räumen besetzt worden.

Die beiden Abseiten (die Seitenwände) sind durch Reihen von zehn weiteren Säulen abgetrennt, so dass zwei Gallerien entstehen, deren untere die obere Hälften der Säulen selbst einschließen, die obere aber in die Kirche siehend, so dass wieder eine Reihe von Säulen enthält. In gleichem Linie mit dem Kreislauf enden die Alleen in zweier Stufen, und zwar in Stufenhöhe, an deren Eingang zwei wertvolle Säulen von einem Grabstein stehen, hinter welchen zwei Türen sind. Im Ganzen zählt dieser schöne Bau nicht weniger als vierundzwanzig Säulen.

Der Stein bietet die reichvollste Ausdehnung von Marmor, ist aber in einem rosafarb getüncht, bis auf die Bögen über den Ecken, welche selbst sind durch einen reichen Rahmen eingefasst, unter welchen weisse, graue oder grüne Marmortücher nach Art des Bogendaches eingesetzt. Darunter eine grosse Platte, und thobt nach der Curve des Gläanders ausgeschüttet in den Ecken ein kleine eingesetzt, jedoch auf andere Art mit einem Marmor abgedeckt. In der Höhe liegt eine schmale Leiter, deren Marmorstufen ein Sparrenwerk bilden, mit schwarzen Köpfen. Auch die obere Colonnade ist mit Marmor eingeglegt, aber einfacher;

*G. Wald 1995
Liebespaar 1924
Bronzeplatte H 66 cm*

I'm stepping out of, thinking that whoever came up with the phrase "in the closet" sorely misrepresented the mechanics of the situation. It feels more like two swinging doors, spinning round and round. The one in front hits me in the face and the one behind hits me in the back. The alternating slaps of each door's edge are painful because I haven't stepped into the regimented rhythm of either, and there don't seem to be any other options.

Adora is an Internet-obsessed writer with far too much education. Her work has been published in: riotgrrl (www.riotgrrl.com), Feminist Voices (a feminist newspaper out of Madison, Wisconsin), Growl! (www.nrrdgrrl.com/growl), Woman Motorist (www.womanmotorist.com), and Brazen Hussies (www.brazenhussy.com). She tries valiantly to manage angstgrrl.com, and loves to get email from people with comments about her work.

Does she hit you?

¿Te late pega?

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嗎 ?

Does she blame you? ¿Te echa la culpa?

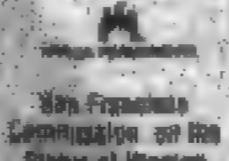
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THE SHOW MUST GO ON

by Jonathan Furst

art by Julia Keel

Our Heroes:

Ray, a journalist, is covering the Queer Central performance art benefit with his date, Erika...

Erika, almost over Jane, is feeling uncomfortably hot with a male date at a queer show...

Barbara, janitor by night, poet by day, won't be reading at the benefit until after this episode is over...

Jane, meanwhile, is probably lurking about offstage somewhere enjoying the singing nuns...

Valerie, Ray's dyke editor and Vic's former lover, is off gloating about playing matchmaker...

Vic, the hunky security guard, is volunteering with the benefit...

"Take it now, queer boy!"

Ray opened his eyes around a pair of size 12 Doc Martens Face Stompers. A grizzled mouth raged perilously close, and Ray realized he lay flat out on the wooden stage, surrounded by a dangerous combination of laughing monosexuals, aging sound equipment, and spilled beer.

"Take it now, straight boy!"

Ian McMacMannus, lead singer of Fag Haggis, raised the hem of his kilt to reveal a gigantic dildo, ominously wrapped in blue ribbon. Ray knew he should say something brilliant now. But all he could manage were three words:

"This is art?"

The evening had started out unpretentiously enough. A quick dinner with Erika, a quick pounce on the couch, an even quicker shower, and then out into the chill night.

"So how did Valerie take it when she heard your date for the Queer Central event was a girl?" Erika asked as they boarded the uptown bus.

"She really surprised me. Didn't seem to faze her at all."

"So did you invite me just to see how cool your boss was?"

"I invited you because you love performance art. And because you're the hottest date in town."

That wasn't strictly true. Ray still hadn't told Erika about last night with Vic. Sure, Erika was sexy, and even willing to accommodate some of Ray's more adventurous preferences. But Vic was downright enthusiastic. And thinking about what he'd done with that eggplant —

"Wake up, lover. Java Sutra, next stop."

It was a short run from bus to cafeteria, but they got no further. A long line stood outside and Ray, jacketless, shivered in the cold. "I'll get you warm," Erika said, as she reached deep into Ray's front pocket. Ray smiled, but Erika pulled her hand out, now holding his two free tickets.

"Reserved seats. Press pass. Hot soup, coming through," Erika shouted. She waved the tickets furiously above her head. Amazingly, people in line made way. They walked right past the box office, down the stairs and into the warmth.

"I can't believe that worked," Ray said, awed by her audacity.

"Neither can I," said a menacing voice. Suddenly, Ray and Erika found themselves pinned to the wall by a pair of enormous hands. "What the hell kind of stunt was that?"

"The kind that works. Hi, Vic!" Erika said.

The burly security guard/stage manager shook his head. "Erika," he laughed, "I knew you two would make a scene. But at least I thought you'd wait 'til you were inside."

Ray looked from Vic to Erika and back in shock. If Erika had told Vic she was coming with Ray tonight, had Vic told Erika how he had made Ray come last night? This was getting too complicated.

"Vic, we need to talk."

"We sure do, gorgeous. One of the acts needs a ringer, and you're the perfect volunteer."

Anything to get out of this mess. Ray bowed his head. "You got me, officer."

"Don't worry, Erika. I won't punish him too hard," Vic grinned. Erika waved as Vic herded him backstage. Ray smiled in relief, but Vic stared seriously. "Now here's what I need you to do..."

The downstairs lounge was smoky and dense, like no legitimate San Francisco coffee shop since the anti-smoking laws. But Java Sutra still operated without a license. Some said it was because Mayor Brown was a silent partner; others argued that it was because he couldn't rezone the unstable property into yuppie high-rises.

A tiny wooden stage, hoisted high on stolen milk crates, shimmied out of the dusky downstairs corner as Fag Haggis' all-Scots rhythm section bomped and blatted at the densely packed, high-nicotine audience. Mack and Alyce McMacMannus traded blasts against the patriarchy between bagpipe and tin-whistle riffs, while sister Clara McMacMannus' subsonic backbeat churned the visible air.

As their hymn to the glories of singer-actress "Amazing Grace" Jones reached its climax, lead ranter Ian emerged from the slam-jigging mosh pit, grabbed the microphone and announced that their bassist would finally expose America's moral center. Clara goose-stepped to the front of the stage, traded her axe for a chainsaw, and proceeded to hack apart a bulging effigy of Bill Clinton.



Shredded waffles spewed out across the audience. A man in a blue dress cried out for more maple syrup, another demanded eye of Newt, but both were drowned out by a chorus of drag-nuns singing "Jesus Christ, Kenneth Starr." Then Vic, splendid in an "I'm too sexy for the HRC" T-shirt, stepped from behind the curtains and tried to restore order.

Erika hooted from the safety of reserved seating. She felt a tap on her shoulder and looked up to see Ray scootching in beside her. "Hope I didn't get you in too much trouble."

"We'll see," Ray shouted. The Scottish art-rock combo started up again, and she could barely hear him over the highland horns. "I need you to kiss me."

"What?" she asked.

Ray leaned forward and slid his mouth over Erika's.

She hesitated. Kissing Ray in the middle of the gay event just felt wrong. Intrusive. And a little like kissing your girlfriend at an NRA fundraiser. *Hmmm, there's a thought.* Erika jumped into Ray's lap and enjoyed the transgression.

Wailing bagpipes split the air, then silence. Erika and Ray continued passionately, but a hot brightness interrupted. They opened their eyes to a white, angry spotlight. A voice from the loudspeaker cleared its throat.

"Oy there, laddie," Ian McMacMannus said in an over-the-top Scots accent, "whot's a straight boy like you dooin' here?"

"It's okay," Ray said, looking up. "I'm bisexual."

McMacMannus pointed back like an angry god, forehead veins bulging. "We'll have none o' that filth 'round here." The audience laughed.

"No, really," Erika said, "I'm bi, too." More laughter from the crowd.

"Sounds like forced conversion to me," the singer-activist said. "By kissin' the lassie, ye've revoked yer rights to pass in queer society."

"I've got every right to be here. In fact, I'm queerer than you are," Ray said.

"Prove it, big boy." With a dramatic sweep of the kilt, Ian revealed a Jeff Stryker strap-on adorned with a blue ribbon.

"He who can take all of Excalibur here is right-born Queen of Scotland!"

See "Dear Jane" (p.46)

Dear Jane (from p.45)

Ray leaped to the challenge, but landed on a beer bottle mid-stride. He sprawled on the stage, stunned.

That wasn't in the script, Ray thought, as Ian covered by planting a foot squarely on his head. Ian posed in victory and the crowd cheered.

By now, Ray was supposed to have ripped the dildo from its sheath and begun treating the entire McMacMannus clan to a simulated bisexual schtupp-fest. Instead, Ian was improvising incoherently, and spilled beer oozed dangerously close to the frayed electrical wires of an ancient amplifier.

It was times like this that Ray realized why he'd gone into journalism instead of theatre. He was no good at improv. And — ouch — had he slipped a disk?

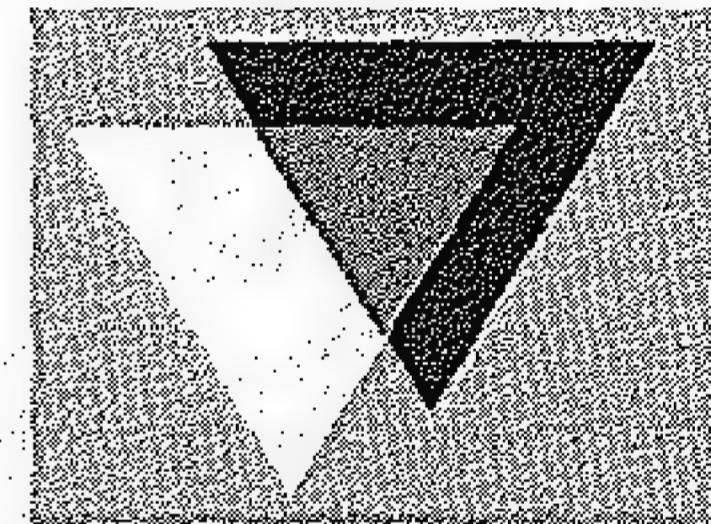
Ray vowed never to laugh at another performance artist again, if only someone would get him out of this alive.

Jonathan Furst is a licensed minister, DJ, and part-time performance artist. To book Jonathan for your next wedding, orgy, or children's show, please email business@anythingthatmoves.com.



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What is BiNet USA?

BiNet USA is the oldest and largest national Bisexual organization in the USA. Our mission is to collect and distribute information regarding Bisexuality; to facilitate the development of Bisexual community and visibility; to work for the equal rights of Bisexuals and all oppressed peoples; and to eradicate all forms of oppression inside and outside the Bisexual community. We are committed to being affirmatively inclusive of a multicultural constituency and political agenda. Becoming a member of BiNet USA is an opportunity to join with others who share your vision of a Bi-friendly world, and who recognize the value and power of a vibrant national political action organization of Bisexuals and Bi-friendly supporters. We have a great future ahead of us, and we look forward to welcoming you to our ranks.

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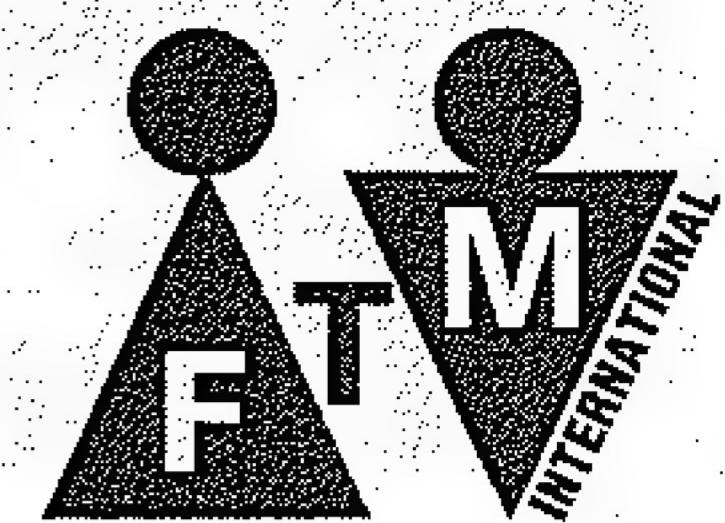
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What Your Mother Never Told You

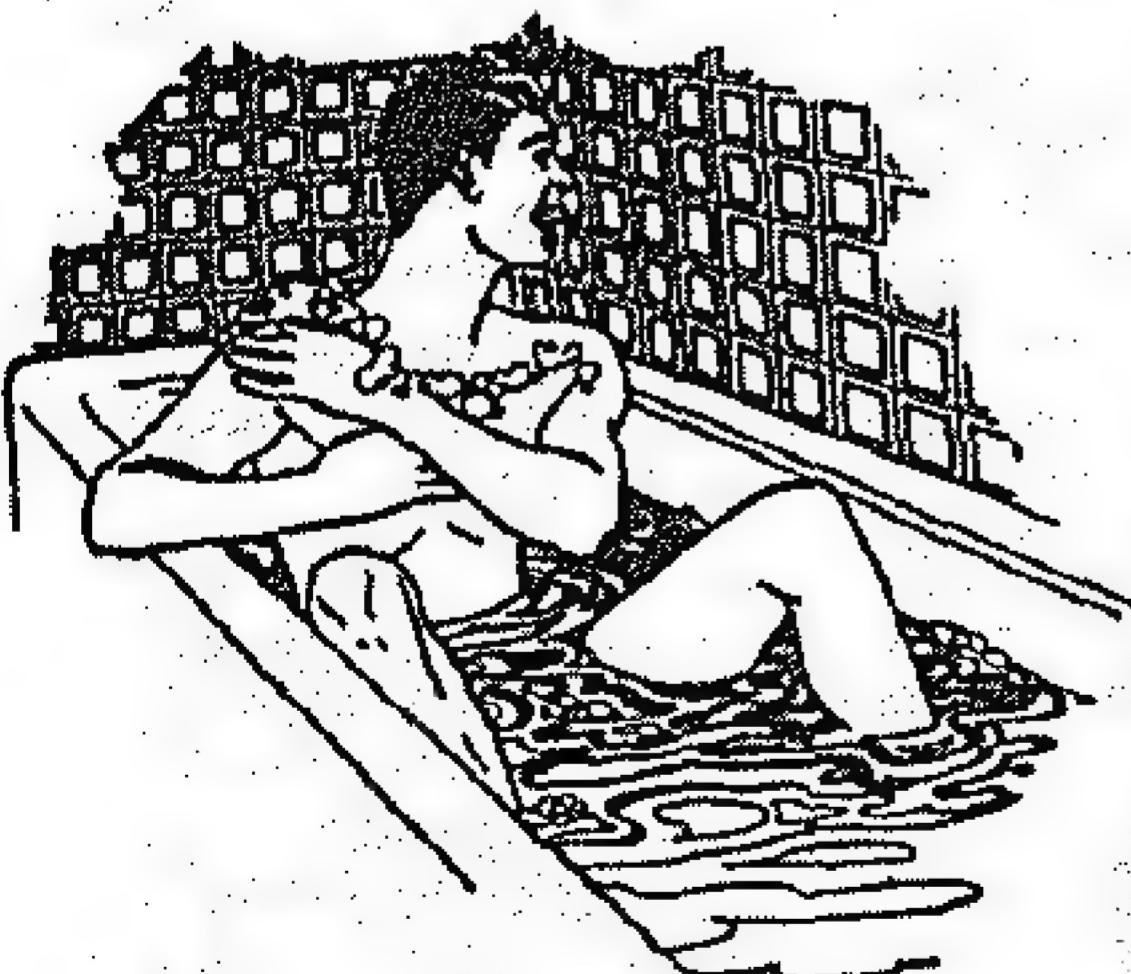
Advice from Uncle Bill & Auntie Andrea

Hey there, Uncle Bill:

A friend of mine asked me this question, and I thought I would ask you 'cause you seem like you're the fellow who would know, or would know who would know... anyway...

What are someone's rights and/or resources when caught by the police for cruising, tricking, having sex in public places? What are the consequences, and where does the whole thing fall legally. Thanks!

—Anonymous



Hey there, Anonymous One:

I checked with the webmaster at www.cruisingforsex.com, and he gave the following response:

"There is no 'right' to have sex in a park, rest area, toilet, sexclub, or bathhouse. In fact, it is illegal for anyone to have any sexual act in any of these locations. You can only be sure you are legal if you are having penis-vagina sex in the missionary position in the privacy of your home with the windows shut so no neighbor can see what you do. Sad, but very true."

"As far as how to respond to the law, one should know that if an officer is present in a known cruise spot and has the determination to arrest someone, what you do is almost irrelevant. Men get arrested every day for merely glancing at a man who turns out to be a cop.

"If you do get stopped by a cop, don't volunteer any information. Be cordial, provide identification when asked, but *don't allow* a search of your property and make it clear, in a non-threatening manner, that you are aware you have rights and will not be intimidated.

Sign nothing. Admit nothing.

Officers routinely use all sorts of things to intimidate, feeding off the feelings of shame that are often found in cruisers who have literally been caught with their pants down.

"Just remember this: *You have done nothing morally wrong.* Legally you may be in the wrong, but force the state to prove it!"

So that's the word from the Web, Anony-babe. If you want further legal and practical advice, I recommend a visit to the following sites:

<http://www.cruisingforsex.com/lawyers/lawyerintro.html>

<http://www.halcyon.com/elf/police.html>

If you want to cruise for sex in public places, check out the situation with the locals or regulars if you can. Often they'll know whether an approaching party is a regular or a possible risk. Many guys don't want to strike up a conversation with a stranger in a setting like a vista point, a rest stop, a public beach, or a washroom (after all,

Uncle Bill (a.k.a Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. *Black Sheets* is a bi-oriented zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. *The Black Book* is an illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Both are available at the ATM order line, (800) 818-8823.

you could be a cop, too), but others are happy to share information. It's the best way to get the lowdown on the current situation.

Any act of public sex is a high-risk activity. Be very discreet, extra-alert, and if possible, move your activity to a safer place like a hotel or private home.

— Uncle Bill

Hello Dear Readers!

Your Uncle Bill forwarded me a wonderful question, received via email from a reader, which was unfortunately lost in a disk crash on my home computer.

I really want to answer her question, though — every few weeks, either via *ATM*, on internet discussion groups, or (most often) in person, I hear this same question. There are invariably complications and details, but the underlying concern remains virtually unchanged, and it goes like this:

Dear Auntie Andrea;

I'm lesbian, and I'm attracted to a bisexual woman. I don't mind that she's bi, but I'm worried that she's eventually going to cheat on me, or leave completely. What should I do?

— Apprehensive in Anytown

First things first, I suppose: Lesbians are attracted to women, bisexual women are attracted to women, so there's no inherent problem by definition — I'd give it a better chance than a crush on a straight woman! The woman asking does not mind that her potential partner is bisexual (or perhaps she does, and says so), but I have no reason to doubt her sincerity either way. Truth is, it doesn't matter — the fact that instinctive human desire transcends recent sociopolitical labels is

how we get into these situations in the first place. The attraction doesn't mind.

The second statement, the fear of being "dumped" down the road, is a valid concern which has nothing to do with the declared orientations, or genders for that matter, of the people involved. The possibility of a long-term relationship really depends on a lot of factors which have little to do with them either — truth, faith, honesty, and commitment are not gender-based traits. Nor is basic compatibility.

That said, being abandoned in favor of a man is a concern I hear often among lesbians speaking of relationships with bi women. In the context of a lesbian/bisexual relationship, it's an understandable concern. Is it justified? That depends — what matters is not what *a* bisexual woman might do, but what *this particular* bi woman might do. The capability for being attracted to either sex is not necessarily a *need* to be, much less a compulsion (the behavior of one particular female *ATM* advice columnist notwithstanding), and perhaps this bi woman would be perfectly content settling into a monogamous relationship with a woman.

If non-monogamy works for both partners, that too is a possibility — it requires a lot of communication and honesty between all parties, which are good qualities to have in any relationship. However, it's unrealistic to expect all women, or even most, to enjoy non-monogamous relationships.

If *either* partner is invested in monogamy, and the bi woman is thinking about a man in her future, there's an obvious problem. If either partner is thinking of another *woman* in her future, that's a problem also. Either way, this is better addressed proactively in the form of honest communication now, than reactively in the form of an unpleasant confrontation in the future.



Then again, maybe the bi one is thinking of a woman as her life partner; perhaps she likes to date a few good male friends on occasion, but doesn't *need* to. This is workable — provided that the particular bi woman in question is thinking of this particular lesbian to be that life partner.

The only way to know is also the answer to the lesbian's question, "What should I do?"

The reader whose letter I unfortunately lost to corrupted mailbox ended up deciding to slow down and spend a little more time listening to the signals she was receiving from her desired partner.

I'd take that advice. Going out on a few dates and then progressing to a short-term relationship seems like a great way to start a long-term relationship to me — genders and labels irrelevant.

— Aunt Andrea

What your mother probably never told you was that Uncle Bill & Auntie Andrea are available to answer all your questions on sex, love, relationships, et cetera. Send them to Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600, or email advice@anythingthatmoves.com. We'll only use your initials or a pen name, so don't worry, your mother won't find out...

Auntie Andrea, in her own words, is "a pervy, horny bisexual chick who is having way too much fun living in San Francisco. In her spare time, she collects labels."

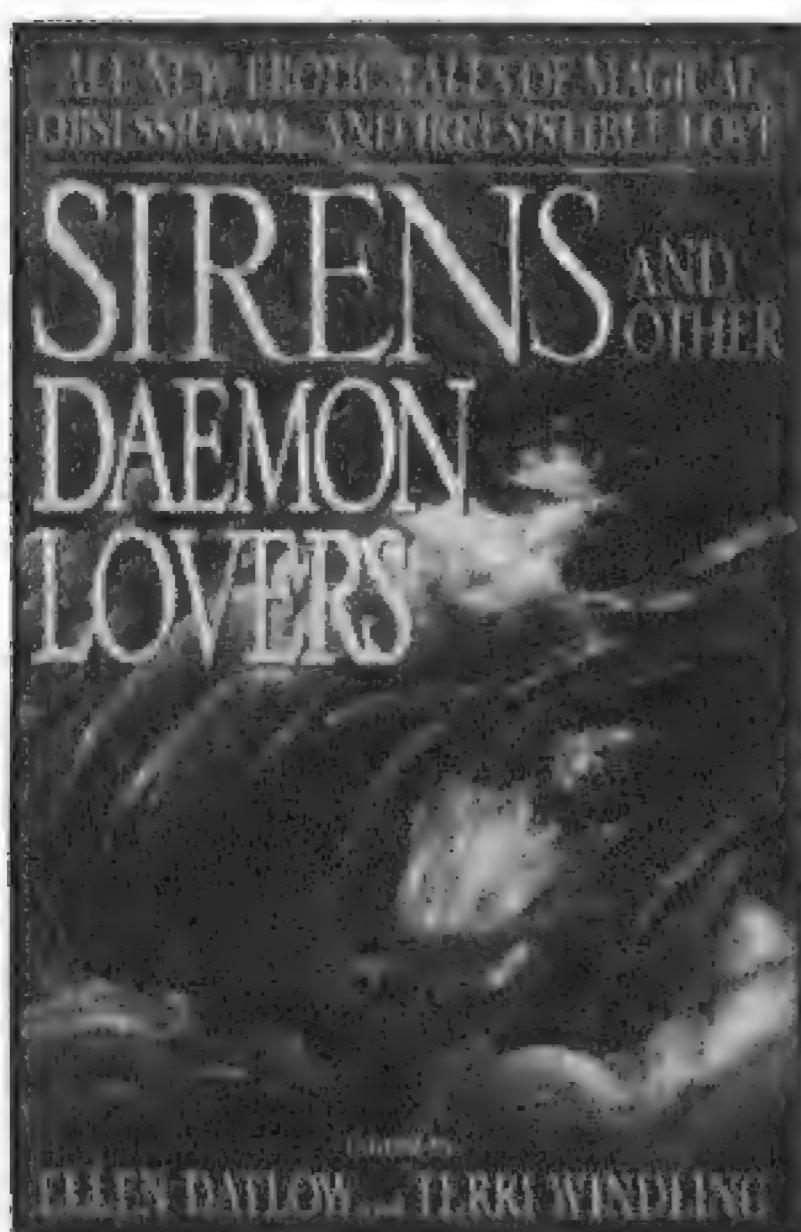
REVIEWS

SIRENS AND OTHER DAEMON LOVERS

Edited by Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling
(HarperPrism, 1998)

reviewed by Linda Howard

I must confess that when our reviews editor first tossed *Sirens and Other Daemon Lovers* at me, my reaction was more exasperation than anticipation. "Not another anthology to review!" I thought. "Doesn't anyone write actual novels any more?"



Some 22 stories and 300-odd pages later, editors Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling have changed my mind.

Kudos first and foremost to Kelly Eskeridge for "Eye of the Storm," in my opinion the most impressive story in the book. Set in a war-ridden fantasy world, Eskeridge introduces a totally androgynous, bisexual main character, Mars, a "war bastard" whose sexu-

ality and skill at fighting are completely intertwined. Without ever disclosing the main character's gender, Eskeridge charges Mars with an intense eroticism that totally envelops the reader by the end of the story. It is a truly marvelous piece of writing that utterly summarizes the true topic of *Sirens*: overwhelming, ensnaring, fantastical, seductive and totally irresistible passion.

All of the stories in *Sirens* have something to do with magic and obsession, from a female ornithologist who falls in love with an anthropomorphic hawk to an artist who makes an unusual bargain with the Queen of Faerie. The latter, "The Faerie Coney-Catcher" by Delia Sherman, would have been trite were it not for the ingeniously creative twist she gave her otherwise-traditional plot. In fact, Datlow and Windling appear to have gone well out of their way to avoid including traditional fantasy erotica clichés in this collection; when the standard plots appear, as in the obligatory vampire story that every erotica collection seems to have these days, they are always a step above average and dexterously twisted toward some new, unexpected angle. Many of these tales employ

bisexuality, transsexuality and unexpected gender fluidity to accomplish this feat, a fact *ATM's* readers will undoubtedly appreciate.

Fans of fantasy will enjoy the many well-known authors whose work appears in *Sirens*: Neil Gaiman, Joyce Carol Oates, Tanith Lee, Edward Bryant, Jane Yolen, Ellen Kushner, and Storm Constantine, to name just a few. The anthology's overall quality undoubtedly owes much to the caliber of authors included within; most of these authors have won awards in the fantasy field, and many in the traditional fiction field as well.

I was completely satisfied with *Sirens*. There is, it seems, room for one more erotic anthology in the world, especially one as passionate and enchanting as this one.

THE EDGE OF THE BED: HOW DIRTY PICTURES CHANGED MY LIFE

by Lisa Palac
(Little, Brown and Company, 1998)

reviewed by Kevin McCulloch

"The last sexual frontier isn't some intergalactic tactile data fuck: it's your ass," wrote editor Lisa Palac in the second issue of *Future Sex* magazine back in 1992. These words — as visionary now as then — pushed *Future Sex* just barely past its techno-foolery into semi-revolutionary territory. Now in her memoir, *The Edge of the Bed*, Palac shares the story of how it all came to pass.



LISA PALAC THE EDGE OF THE BED
HOW DIRTY PICTURES CHANGED MY LIFE

Born in the early '60s to Catholic parents in Chicago, Palac began her journey at age 20 when a vibrator fell, like Newton's apple, out of a closet and hit her on the head, inspiring her to masturbate for the very first time. Thus awakened, her subsequent

adventures in the sexual laboratory of San Francisco in the early '90s seem inevitable. She wrote an erotic short story that caught the attention of Susie Bright, who included it in 1988's *Herotica* anthology (the tenth anniversary edition of which was published last year by San Francisco's Down There Press). Soon, Bright offered her a job at the lesbian sex magazine *On Our Backs*, and Palac was headed for California.

At first, she was unsure of the job. "I feared that steady exposure to sexual words and images would make the delicate rubber bands that held my personality together snap, and I'd go shooting off in some extreme direction, becoming either an insatiable sex maniac or a religious nutcase." Neither of these things happened, but it's clear from her account of her childhood and her unforgiving father that her newfound career as a pornographer was a serious break from the culture in which she was raised. Palac's "coming out" struggle had little to do with sexuality. (Of her work at *On Our Backs*, Palac, who is straight, observes reasonably enough that "people who are interested in sex and who choose to pursue their interest professionally tend to appreciate sexual expression in all of its forms. Sexuality itself is what's fascinating and sexual preference is, in many cases, less relevant.") Instead, it was all about the demystification of sex itself. After ten years of sex-positive queer politics, "do-me" feminism, Monica Lewinsky and Jenny Jones, it may seem obvious to us that a dirty picture is sometimes just a dirty picture. For Palac in 1989, this was a major revelation.

Enter *Future Sex*. Although the short-lived magazine made Palac's career, it was a struggle from the start. The original business proposal, put together by a personal injury lawyer and a doctor looking for something "fun" to do with their extra cash, called for "a sex magazine for men, complete with service articles about high-tech gear, science fiction, a sports car review section titled 'Auto-Erotica' and an exclusive pictorial focus on naked Asian women" — porn for nerds. Palac, finished with her work at *On Our Backs* and in need of a new forum, sensed a greater destiny. She took on the assignment and struggled for four issues to steer the magazine beyond its publishers' infatuation with techno-wankery into territory that was truly ahead of its time. The result was a mess: a sex-soaked *Mondo 2000* look-alike that mixed high-gloss porn and features on cyber sex-ware and "smart

drugs" engineered to make you horny with Palac's pro-sex/anti-Republican feminism.

Palac's personal life wasn't going so well, either. An immature relationship and an Internet romance both ended in heartbreak. Palac found herself sinking into a depression. "Romance? I was ambivalent. I adored it, I despised it. I yearned for it, yet felt so betrayed and humiliated by it.

With the same intensity that it had once inspired me, it now devastated me, shattering my confidence not just in relationships but in life itself." This, and not masturbation or pornography, turned out to be the real puzzle in Palac's life. How, in a sexually permissive, post-Christian, post-feminist world, does a nice Catholic girl from Chicago find true love?

"My mother bet all of her chips on beauty, married a man she didn't love and lived her whole life believing that suffering is love," writes Palac. "I've always been terrified of making those same mistakes." Happily she doesn't, but she avoids them not through the nirvana of radical sex but through building a caring and communicative relationship with her eventual husband.



Jack to the Future:
The cover of *Future Sex* #2

And what of her career as a pornographer? "When I ask myself if I've been desensitized by the excess of sexual imagery that surrounds me, the truthful answer is yes. Looking at pornography has desensitized me — to pornography... But I haven't become desensitized to the actual *experience* of sex itself. Not one bit. On the contrary, my critical examination of sex has *sensitized* me to the fragile complexities of real-life, in-the-flesh sexual encounters. My perception of sexual situations and feelings is more acute. I've learned to be more tolerant when it comes to other people's sexual choices, even when it's easier to stay on my high horse. I feel greater empathy toward anyone who mistakes a powerful sexual connection for love and suffers because of it. And through it all, I've gained tremendous faith in my own personal erotic boundaries because I've slammed into them so many, many times."

A happy ending! It turns out that Palac's journey wasn't so radical after all, but what difference does it make if she's not a polyamorous, bisexual, gender-bending outsider?

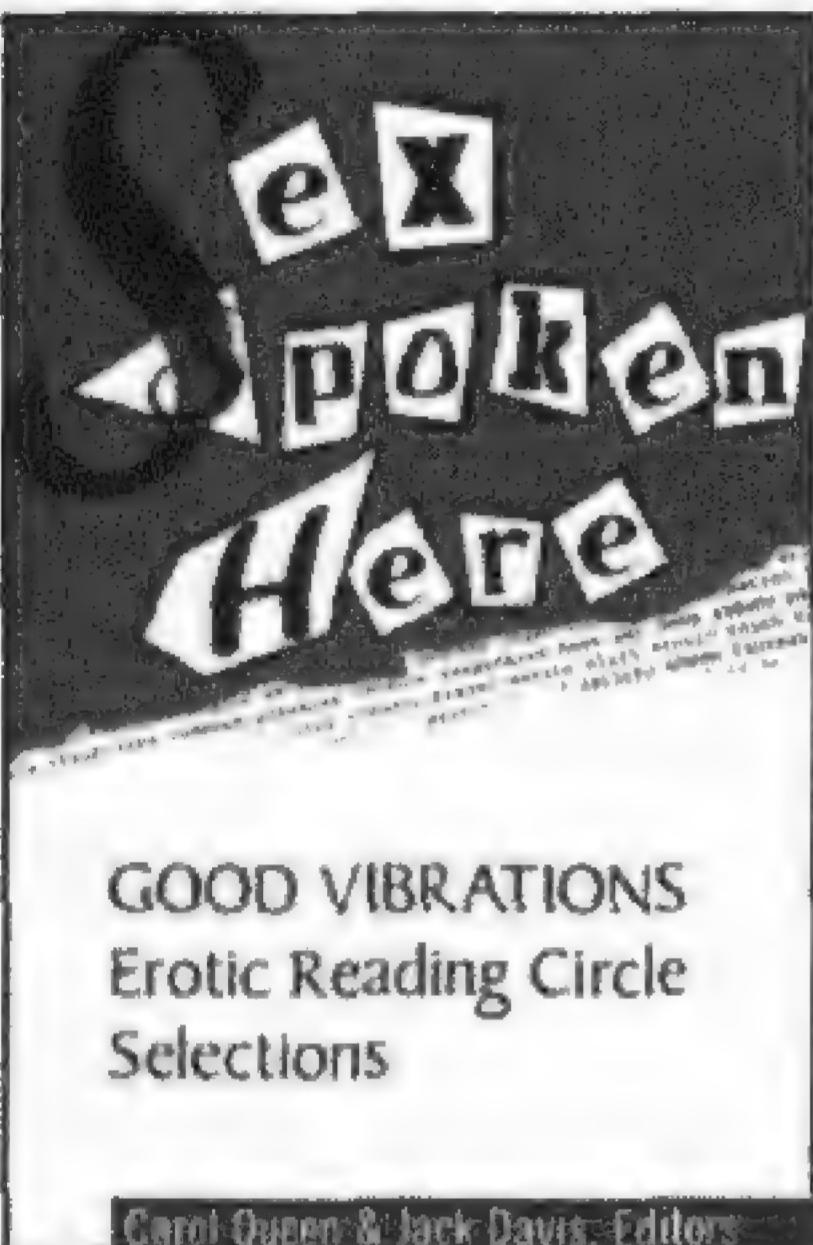
The real revolution is made of simple insights like these.

REVIEWS

SEX SPOKEN HERE: GOOD VIBRATIONS EROTIC READING CIRCLE SELECTIONS

Edited by Carol Queen and Jack Davis
(Down There Press, 1998)

reviewed by Jim Ausman



Here is a book that has something for everyone: boy on boy on girl on girl, with whips and chains and cigars and even a dog thrown in for good measure. *Sex Spoken Here* is a collection of the best stories read over the years at the Erotic Reading Circle, a group that meets periodically at the San Francisco-based sex accessory store Good Vibrations, and shares their most intimate fantasies with each other.

Having been to a few of the ERC's meetings, I was not surprised at the diversity and perversity of the stories here. What I was surprised at was the general quality and hotness of what I encountered. While not every story is going to appeal to every person, there is at least one or two in here that will make you squirm, leaving you panting for more. It sure worked for me!

THE TRIO

Directed by Hermine Huntgeburth
(Attitude Films, New York, 1997)

TIGER-STRIPED WOMAN

WAITS FOR TARZAN

Directed by Rudolf Thome
(Moana-Film, Berlin, 1997)

reviewed by Raven Usi

Bisexual themes prevail in two recent films from Germany. In 1997's *The Trio*, by director Hermine Huntgeburth, a

father-and-daughter pickpocket team is joined by an ambitious younger man after their original partner, the father's lover, dies in a car crash. Soon both father and daughter have the hots for their new teammate, and a love triangle develops.

The film is funny and entertaining, but unfortunately the characters are very stereotyped. The homosexual father who is verbally abusive to his lover, the heterosexual daughter who decides almost instantly that the new young man is the love of her life, and the bisexual man who never states who he really wants — the girl or her father — were all a little too depressing for me. Fortunately, an early scene where the father's original lover dances in blue sequins and, later, a scene in which the father, daughter and new young boyfriend get so drunk that the girl falls over backwards add enough charm to almost make up for the disappointing roles they all play.

Much better, despite its atrocious title, is director Rudolf Thome's 1997 *Tiger-Striped Woman Waits For Tarzan*. With overtones of *The Man Who Fell To Earth* and Heinlein's *Stranger In A Strange Land*, the hero of this film, Frank, is a man from a time in the future when women are an endangered species and men are immortal. Frank has returned from the 5th millennium to meet the author Laura Luna, whose picture he has fallen in love with. Before he can find her, he meets newlyweds Luise and Theo, who give him a ride into town. Much to Theo's irritation, Luise is obviously attracted to Frank. While Theo is at work, Luise and Frank go dancing, but Frank rejects Luise to continue his search for his dream girl.

He finds Laura and wins her over, but soon attracts unwanted attention when she helps him exchange one of the gold bars he's carrying into cash. Afraid it is not safe for them to go back to his hotel room to get the rest of the gold, Frank asks Luise to fetch it and the three of them escape to Laura's country home. This is where things get interesting. At first Laura makes it clear that Frank is hers and Luise respects the fact that they are "in love." But Luise makes herself indispensable by being the cook while Laura takes time to write and Frank takes time to explore Earth in what is, for him, the past. So Luise methodically seduces Laura, who has never had sex with another woman. Eventually the two women invite Frank into the "family" bed.

Everything is idyllic for several weeks. (The music at this point is so soft and soothing it could almost put you to sleep, everything is so perfect!) Both women end up pregnant. Laura's father, who owns the property, shows up, sees how happy his

daughter is, and deeds the property to the three lovers. Unfortunately, Luise's husband Theo finds out about the situation and begins to stalk the property, leading to a violent end.

It was refreshing to see not only one strong bisexual woman, but two. Luise actually knew what she wanted and went about getting it without creating any jealousies within the trio. And it was equally nice to see Laura's emerging bisexuality and how it obviously inspired her creativity as a writer. What, exactly, they saw in Frank is beyond me... I thought Theo was funnier and more attractive. This movie would have worked even better if it followed Heinlein's *Stranger In A Strange Land* more closely and made Frank an alien from another planet instead of just a man from the future.

It's refreshing to get away from Hollywood and see films where people still have a chance to do some real acting with real dialogue, even when it is all in German with English subtitles. I would recommend both *The Trio* and *Tiger-Striped Woman Waits for Tarzan* for entertainment value, but especially the latter for positive queer images.

THE LEATHER DADDY AND THE FEMME

by Carol Queen
(Cleis Press, 1998)

reviewed by Anne Killpack

In Carol Queen's first novel, *The Leather Daddy and the Femme*, San Francisco is everything you ever wanted it to be: Harley-riding leather daddies, beautiful tranny sex workers, cross-dressing, leather, bondage, kinks, and bisexuals are everywhere; there's a sex party every week; and no one has to worry about a day job. As the tranny girl says to the heroine, "I love this city. You just found a leather daddy to fuck. I just made a hundred bucks letting a guy walk around in my high heels. This town is a real Mixmaster."

It's not really like that here, of course. We all have day jobs, and we don't all get as lucky as the book's heroine, Miranda/Randy. But it'd be lovely work if we could get it. In *Leather Daddy*, the femme Miranda cross-dresses as a boy, Randy, to snare herself a leather daddy, and is happily surprised not to be kicked out when her catch, Jack, discovers her gender. Instead, their liaison blossoms

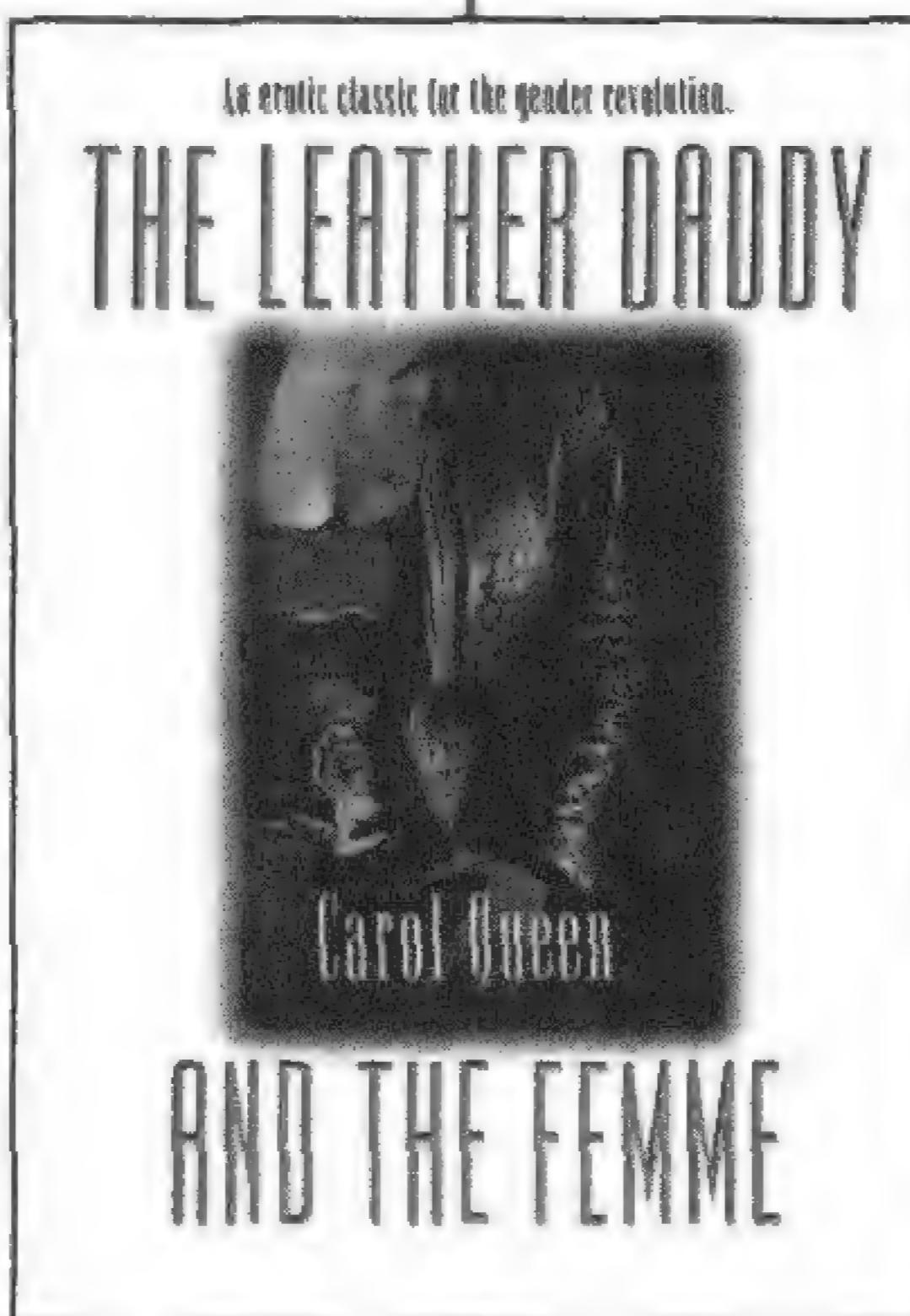
into a sweaty "science project," and eventually a deep emotional bond grows between them and a third man, Demetrius, her daddy's daddy.

With *Leather Daddy*, Carol Queen knows exactly what we want, and she delivers it expertly in this pocket-rocket of an erotic novel. Her characters are all perfect representatives of the San Francisco scene, but none are clichés. They are so expertly real that I often wondered if they were modeled on anybody I knew (or might meet at the next play party). Even the minor characters are sensitively and carefully crafted, and quite real.

Each chapter illustrates another sexual adventure. Some of these stories have already been featured in magazines like *Black Sheets*, and they're more than worthy of the attention. They range across the sexual landscape from heavy dominance to simple bathroom-stall bangs, creating situations that are smutty or tender or just plain bizarre, but always highly erotic. The characters' differing views on bisexuality, both the label and the behavior, again reflect what I see in the scene all the time: a sad tendency for the "practicing" bis to be too busy partying while the "political" bis work to overcome the swinger stereotype by being relentlessly normal and even sexless. Randy's bisexual-behaving leather daddy refuses the label, saying he doesn't feel like he resembles the men in the bi community.

When asked why she didn't go hunting for bisexual men, Randy explains, "When I'd go to bisexual events, I didn't usually find that the men there had that certain something that fags, especially leatherfags, have. Most bi men's style is just... well, it's different. Except yours, Demetrius, and I didn't run into you at any of those Bi-Friendly meetings." Demetrius' reply? "No, dear, I skipped those. I was too busy being sodomized." This really hit home to me — although I think that Bi-Friendly does a lot of great work for SF's bi community, I have to admit that I, too, would love to see more butch-leather energy visible in the bi scene, and I know I'm not the only one!

My sole objection to the book was the ending, which felt abrupt and unfinished and left me wanting more — so I simply started the book over from the beginning. All in all, I give *The Leather Daddy and the Femme* the highest recommendation I know — I liked it so much, I'm buying my own copy!



EXTRA! EXTRA!

READ ALL ABOUT US

British Politician Outed As Bisexual Polyamorist

In the aftermath of an outing by the British press, Tory Whip Tom Spencer has acknowledged that he is bisexual and that his wife has always known about it.

Spencer, chair of the European Parliament (EP)'s Foreign Affairs and Security Committee, was stopped by British customs on returning from Amsterdam. Caught with two marijuana cigarettes, 1.5 grams of cocaine, and several gay pornographic videos in his suitcase, Spencer was fined approximately £500. When the British tabloids found out about the situation, they quickly learned that Spencer had been visiting a male friend, U.S. porn star Cole Tucker.

The Conservative Party quickly removed Spencer from his Whip position and from all Conservative Caucus activities in Europe. It was preparing to convene its Ethics and Integrity Committee when, on Jan. 31, Spencer voluntarily agreed to withdraw from the June EP elections, although he will remain member of the European Parliament until the end of his term, and will remain a member of the Conservative Party. "My wife and I have had a chance to review the situation in which we find ourselves," he said in his statement to the press. "I have sought in recent days to protect my friends from publicity... I have concluded that it is in the best interest of all concerned."

In a personal statement to the European Parliament on Feb. 8, Spencer apologized to the members of the House, saying, "While I believe that my personal life has always been, and continues to be, rooted in love, I accept that it may cause genuine offence to my colleagues." The party has insisted it was the cocaine that was at issue, not Spencer's sexual orientation.

"I also felt strongly enough not to mind that Tom would need room to love others on the periphery of his life. Obsessive love is not love to me."
—Liz Spencer

Spencer said he has received many messages of support, but the only Tory to speak out publicly on his behalf has been former Chancellor Kenneth Clarke. "I like Tom. He is a friend of mine," Clarke said. "He is an extremely good member of the European Parliament and I am rather shocked and surprised by the news. He is a good politician and I think the British have got to sort out how far someone's private life interferes with their ability to be a member of the European Parliament, and Tom is one of the best British members of the European Parliament for some years now."

Liz Spencer says that she knew her husband was bisexual even before he told her, which was long before they married. They agreed that from time to time he would spend a weekend in Amsterdam for his gay

affairs, and some of his lovers have been welcome visitors at his home. Tom says it would be wrong for him to have a relationship with another woman, and has not done so since their marriage. Liz has also had affairs, but describes herself as "boringly straight." She said, "Everyone says we are one of the happiest families they know. It will continue to be happy when all this has died down. I don't feel let down by Tom, even though he was incredibly stupid in what he was doing." Tom said he is only an occasional drug user, but Liz was reportedly unaware of his drug use before the incident.

The Spencers described their relationship as beginning as a friendship when they met as students 26 years ago. It was not until Liz had married and divorced that they considered marriage. "We already loved each other, we were attracted to each other and we had become the center of each other's world," Liz said. "I also felt strongly enough not to mind that Tom would need room to love others on the periphery of his life. Obsessive love is not love to me."

Spencer told reporters he had been conscientious about practicing safe sex. He said of his relationship with his wife, "Because it's all open in our relationship I've never felt furtive. We could have stayed as good friends and not had kids, or I could have given up politics. We decided we could make our marriage work and that we could and should have children. If half the country is as happy as I am, good luck to them." He went on to say, "I've always known, I've always loved both men and women from as far back as I can remember. I wasn't sure I would find anyone I wanted to marry. Then I met Liz and we felt as if we had known each other forever. Marrying her is the best thing that has ever happened to me in my entire life. I'm glad we had the courage to do that."

Spencer said he has had only a few relationships since his marriage, one with a man who was special to him who died. Of his current relationship of less than a year with Tucker, he said, "I have to admit I'm in love with him... He's lovely, warm and I am very fond of him. He's not into drugs or alcohol or anything like that and I feel very upset I've dragged him into this. It's an adult relationship. We're very fond of each other." He added, "Cole and I had a lovely weekend together and the videos were a present. It's ironic that is how this all developed."

"Tom Spencer is a very fine man," Tucker said. "There is nothing seedy about our relationship."

—Compiled by Kathryn Page



Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras Forces Bisexuals Back into the Closet

[SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA] — In mid-February, the Australian Bisexual Network (ABN) launched a protest against the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras Ltd. (SGLMG) for discriminating against bisexuals seeking to become members. "It is the 21st birthday of Mardi Gras and the theme of the 1999 Mardi Gras Festival is Equality in Diversity. However, the ongoing rejection of people who identify as bisexual from membership of the SGLMG can only be viewed as a form of sexual apartheid," said Wayne Roberts, ABN national coordinator.

Under its 1996 policy, SGLMG grants automatic membership only to people who identify as homosexual, gay, lesbian, or transgender. According to Roberts, membership applicants who ticked the box for bisexual, queer, heterosexual, or other "faced, at the least, having to prove their worthiness to be members, and, at the most, being rejected altogether." Roberts further noted that the policy was originally intended to reduce homophobic violence and sexual harassment at the Mardi Gras and Sleaze Ball parties from those people who were attending from outside the gay, lesbian, and queer communities.

Since the decision came into force, ABN has been contacted by bisexual-identified people who have been rejected by SGLMG even after submitting evidence of their involvement in and commitment to the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender communities. "Even when they have taken advantage of the 'Appeal Process' and appeared before the Board of Mardi Gras, their application for membership has been rejected," Roberts said.

According to Roberts, current SGLMG members have reported that their applications for renewal have been rejected because of the new "tick box" on the form. Moreover, Roberts said, ABN has heterosexual and bisexual women who have reported ticking the "lesbian" box and receiving automatic membership, no questions asked.

"One can assume this has also occurred where straight men have ticked the 'gay' box and been granted membership," Roberts said. "The ABN sees this as totally unacceptable when active and open bi members of our queer communities are rejected while other people with no commitment to the queer community just have to tick the 'right box' and get automatic membership. Mardi Gras gives out the message, 'If you want a membership, then lie and tick the box of the identity we want you to be'."

Roberts added that the Australian Bisexual Network supports Mardi Gras' desire to prevent violence and harassment at their events, but that this is not the means to that end.

"ABN cannot remain silent and see unjust policy grant automatic memberships to people who lie about their sexuality or who may have no involvement in the BGLT communities except at party time," Roberts said, "while those that are involved and are open and honest are rejected for no other reason other than their honesty in identifying as bisexual, queer, or heterosexual."

— Compiled by ATM Staff

Queer Organizations Join Together to Oppose Death Penalty

[FEB. 10, 1999] — Just weeks after a Wyoming prosecutor announced that he would seek the death penalty for the men accused of murdering Matthew Shepard, 11 major bisexual, lesbian, gay, and transgender organizations today announced their opposition to the death penalty.

On Dec. 28, Wyoming prosecutor Cal Rerucha filed notices of intent to seek the death penalty against Aaron McKinney and Russel Henderson, the two men arrested for the murder of Matthew Shepard.

"The issue came to the forefront in the GLBT community with the upcoming trial," the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force said in a press release explaining the decision.

The press release also included statements from leaders of each of the organizations opposing the death penalty: Astraea National Lesbian Action Foundation; Gay Men of African Descent; International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commission; Lambda Legal Defense and Education

Fund; Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center of New York; Lesbian & Gay Rights Project-ACLU; LLEGÓ-National Latina/o Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Organization; National Center for Lesbian Rights; National Gay & Lesbian Task Force; New York City Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence Project; and OutFront Minnesota.

"The death penalty has no place in a civil society," Astraea National Lesbian Action Foundation Executive Director Katherine Acey said. "As a community we must take every opportunity to speak out against violence, including capital punishment."

Kevin McGruder, executive director of Gay Men of African Descent said, "The death penalty is applied in an inequitable way and when factors of race, sexual orientation and income are taken into account, there is even more inequity. Mistakes happen and innocent people are sentenced to death. In those circumstances where the sentence has been carried out, the mistake cannot be reversed."

"Human rights are not a euphemism for gay rights," explained International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commission Executive Director Julie Dorf. "We cannot pick and choose human rights." She added, "The death penalty is wrong in all cases."

Kevin M. Cathcart, executive director of the Lambda Legal Defense & Education Fund said, "Lambda deals daily with the legal system's fallibility and the effects of bias on court decisions. With this experience, we oppose the death penalty as a harsh and irreversible use of government power."

Richard Burns, executive director of the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center of New York said, "This is one of those moments when we, as a community, should lead. We consider this a teachable moment." Burns said the death penalty is no way to deal with anti-gay violence. "The answer to homophobic violence is not more violence; it is education."

— National Gay & Lesbian Task Force

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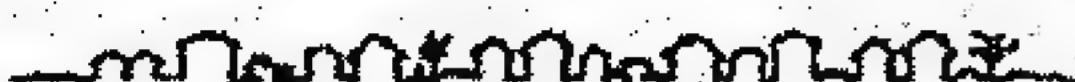
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Wyoming Kills Hate Crimes Bill

[WYOMING] — On Feb. 3 1999, the Wyoming legislature killed all prospects of enacting the state's first-ever hate crimes law. During its session, the WY Senate Judiciary Committee voted down two bills. One would have established enhanced penalties for bias-motivated crimes committed because of the victim's race, religion, color, disability, sexual orientation, national origin or ancestry. The other measure would have established enhanced penalties for bias-motivated crimes committed because of an individual's "membership in a group."

According to the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, hate crime bills have been introduced in at least 14 states this year. In nine states (CO, ID, MT, MS, MO, NY, OK, VA, WY) bills have been introduced to add sexual orientation to existing hate crimes statutes. In addition to Wyoming, the Idaho and Montana bills were defeated. In three states (IN, NM, SC) the bills would establish first-time hate crimes laws in those states. In Texas, a measure has been proposed to strengthen the state's existing statute by enumerating groups that would be covered under the law. The California legislature is considering a bill to equalize penalties for anti-gay hate crimes with penalties for other types of bias crimes. Other states likely to see hate crimes legislation this year include Michigan and Hawaii.

— National Gay and Lesbian Task Force

Louisville Right Fails to Prevent Passage of Ordinance Protecting Queer Rights

[ALABAMA] — On Jan. 26, 1999, the Louisville Board of Aldermen passed the state's first municipal ordinance to protect gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and transsexuals from workplace discrimination. The measure was helped along by a strong op-ed piece by Reverend Jesse Jackson, and by a local television videotape documenting a discriminatory incident as it happened.

On Jan. 15, not two weeks before the vote, an anti-queer religious organization called the Metro African Americans for Morality and Justice sponsored a series of radio ads linking homosexuality with pedophilia. The ads claimed that part of the "homosexual agenda" is the elimination of age of sexual consent laws, and appeared to be part of a campaign to discredit local activists and city council members who are pushing for a gay civil rights ordinance.

Reverend Jerry Stephenson, pastor of Louisville's Midwest Church of Christ, heads the anti-gay group. Some sources believe he is aligned with televangelist Dr. Frank Simon, Kentucky's leading anti-gay activist, who has been attempting to equate homosexuality with pedophilia for many years. On a recent broadcast, Dr. Simon cited the same article from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) as the one cited in the radio ads.

The article, written by William C. Holmes and Gail Slap, appeared in the Dec. 2 JAMA with the headline: "Sexual Abuse of Boys: Definition, Prevalence, Correlates, Sequelae, and Management." According to Holmes, Simon has misrepresented the article's findings on at least two points: the actual rate of childhood sexual abuse and the statement [made by Dr. Simon] that child molesters tend to be homosexual men.

— Compiled by Kathryn Page

Southern Baptists Promote "Ex-Gay" Conversion

[TENNESSEE] — In Nashville, many Southern Baptist Churches are now offering adult Sunday School lessons on how homosexuals can "change" into heterosexuals.

"I hope through this lesson that people would see an open door for all sinners and come and have a changed life through Jesus Christ," said Ross McLaren, who worked on the lessons. McLaren, a biblical studies specialist at Lifeway Christian Resources, the publishing arm of the 15.6-million-member Southern Baptist Convention, said the lessons aim to condemn homosexuality but not homosexuals. Bill Turner, co-chairman of the Lesbian and Gay Coalition for Justice in Tennessee, said he finds the idea of "hate the sin but love the sinner" patronizing.

"I know plenty of lesbian and gay Christians who are quite convinced that they have a perfectly adequate relationship with God and are still gay," said Turner, adding he is not contesting the right of Southern Baptists to teach what they want. "The problem is imposing that doctrine on the rest of the culture," Turner said, citing the Southern Baptist boycott of Disney for its corporate practice of extending health insurance to homosexual partners of employees and hosting homosexuals at its amusement parks.

Southern Baptist lessons have touched on homosexuality in the past, but McLaren said this is the first time it is the sole focus. Other lessons have focused on abortion, pornography, and justice, aiming to treat all people with fairness and dignity. Lifeway staffers select topics independent of the convention headquarters and it is up to individual churches to decide if they want to use them. About 1.5 million series handbooks were sold to churches.

The lessons characterize homosexuality as unnatural and sinful. Homosexuals are encouraged to change and heterosexual Christians are asked to help them. Some of the lessons list additional readings on "healing" homosexuals and suggestions for further reading.

Some fundamentalist Christian groups whose members believe homosexuality is a chosen lifestyle rather than a genetic predisposition drew fire from homosexuals last year with a national ad campaign aimed at "converting" homosexuals. Turner said that that kind of approach can be harmful. After the ad campaign, he said he heard stories about homosexuals attempting suicide when they could not change their sexuality.

— Associated Press

All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to *Anything That Moves* by the named organizations or written by staff. To submit a press release, email it to:

news@anythingthatmoves.com

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Bisexual Bigamy and the California Defense of Marriage Act: Will Bisexuals Be A Wedge Issue in the March 2000 Election?

On Nov. 17, CA Secretary of State Bill Jones announced that the California Defense of Marriage Act (CDOMA) qualified for California's March 2000 ballot. If passed, the initiative would add a provision to the California Family Code to ensure that the state would only recognize marriages between one man and one woman.

CDOMA, officially designated Statute Initiative 819, follows three failed attempts by State Senator William "Pete" Knight (R-Palmdale) to push the issue through the California Assembly and Senate. The March 2000 ballot measure is nearly identical to Knight's defeated Senate Bill 911 in 1996. If the ballot initiative passes, the law will state: "Only marriage between a man and a woman is valid or recognized in California."

Californians for the Defense of Marriage, Knight's Orange County-based political action committee, was recently formed to support CDOMA. Fieldstream and Company, a conservative foundation based in Orange County and supporter of

Proposition 209, has been their largest backer with donations totaling \$210,000. President Edward G. Atsinger III of Salem Communications Corporation, a Ventura County-based Christian radio corporation, was the second largest contributor with donations and loans of \$162,500.

Despite the recent election of a Democratic governor, organized opposition to CDOMA from groups like Lambda Legal Defense Fund and the Freedom to Marry Coalition will not be able to count on Gray Davis as an ally. During the last election, Davis sided with his opponent against the recognition of same-sex marriages in California.

Prior to the passage of the national Defense of Marriage Act, a 1997 General Accounting Office report requested by House Judiciary Committee Chairman Henry J. Hyde found that there are 1,049 federal laws in which marital status is a factor. The categories of the laws which are denied to same-sex

couples because their unions are not legally recognized range from Social Security and military benefits programs to crimes and family violence.

Conservatives are well on their way to passing DOMA laws nationwide. 27 states have instituted laws and that number will surely grow within the next two years. Four states, including Hawaii, have some kind of DOMA legislation pending.

Rhode Island is the only state with legislation introduced to support same-sex marriages. All other same-sex challenges to marriage laws have been pursued through the court system.

Supporters of same-sex marriage argue that DOMA laws go against the Full Faith and Credit clause in Article IV of the U.S. Constitution, which says that all states must recognize the legal documents and actions

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of other states, like marriage or divorce. Without the presence of the national DOMA, if one state were to pass a same-sex marriage law, all states would be required to recognize that state's marriages under the Constitution.

In 1995, former California Congressman Bob Dornan stood on the House floor and railed against bisexuals after reading the July 17 *Newsweek* cover story. "They all have multiple partners," said Dornan. "It is an assault upon every moral code in this country."

Since the introduction of the national Defense of Marriage Act, the "promiscuous bisexual" stereotype has mutated. Gone are the days when bisexuals were mere swingers looking to satisfy their insatiable appetite for sex. Now

bisexuals are seen as being in cahoots with polygamist Mormons. According to conservatives, bisexuals are now closet bigamists with an agenda to change the law to allow marriage to multiple partners.

Linda Bowles, a writer for the *Chicago Tribune*, was convinced that bi polygamy was on the horizon in a September 1996 column against gay marriage, "What will we say to the bisexual who demands the right to marry the man and woman of his choice?"

Hawaii State Deputy Attorney General Rick Eichor argued that "same-sex marriages would open the door to demands that bigamy, polygamy, and consensual incestuous relationships be licensed as well." The specter of bisexual bigamy has reared its ugly

head in numerous courts around the country as the legality of same-sex marriage is being argued.

Senator Knight was quick to link same-sex marriage with bigamy in a *Los Angeles Times* interview just after CDOMA was qualified for the ballot, "If we change the definition (of marriage), then we take the one man and one woman out of it. If three people get together and decide they want to get married, the courts are going to have a hard time denying that relationship."

Under California Family Code 2201, bigamy/polygamy is already a crime punishable by a fine of up to \$10,000 and/or one year in state prison.

Both sides are expecting a tough fight with the approach of the March 2000 election and bisexuals could find themselves in the middle of the debate with little support.

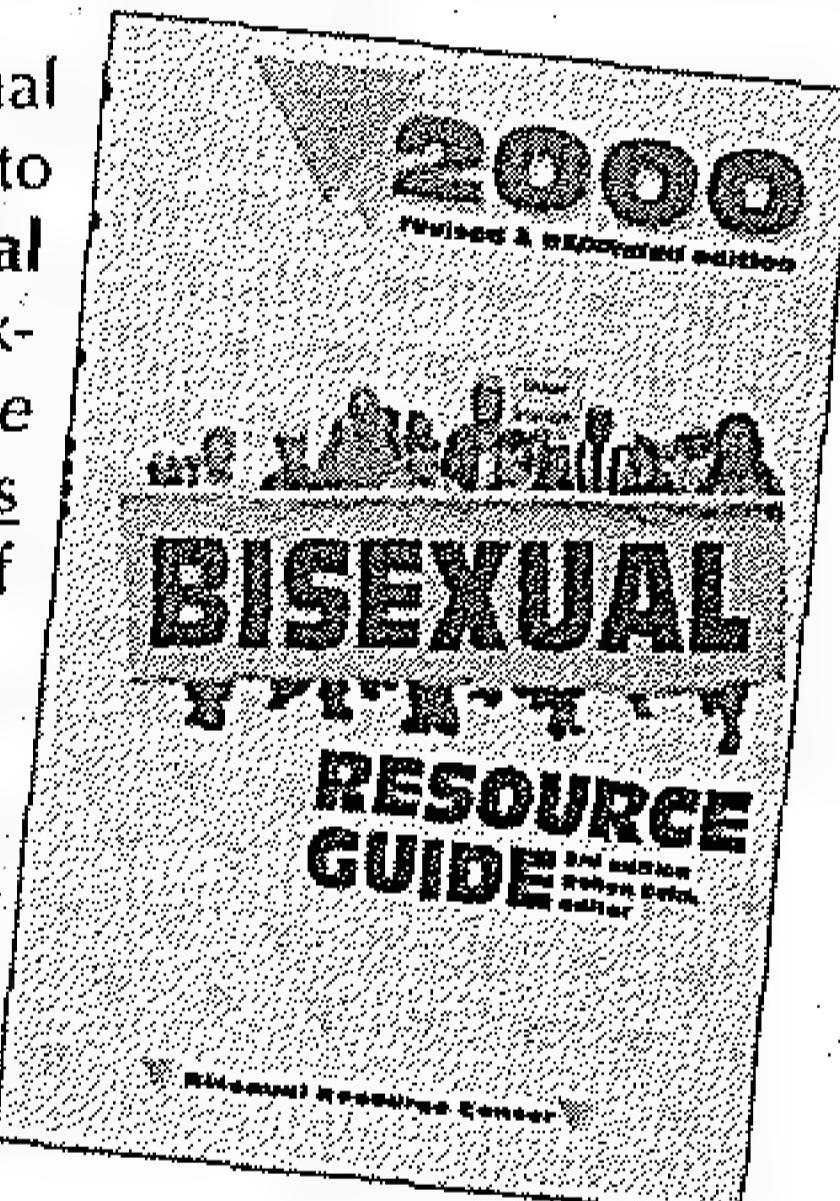
Since bisexuals have started to take on a more prominent and visible role in sexual minority politics, Knight and other conservatives may be tempted to focus on the idea of bisexual bigamy to frighten and mislead California voters into supporting CDOMA. Such a strategy could very well test the ties that hold California bi and gay/lesbian communities together.

For gays and lesbians, the upcoming struggle to defeat CDOMA will have more to do with fighting a discriminatory measure than supporting the rights of same-sex couples or the reputations of individual communities. If the bi community is attacked, organized opposition to CDOMA will not likely take the opportunity to educate the public about bisexuality.

— by Adam Wills

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'FIRE' DRAWS FLAMES IN INDIA

In early December, demonstrators in India prevented the showing of the film *Fire*. The film, directed by Deepa Mehta, features the sexual relationship that develops between two married Indian sisters-in-law. The demonstrators, members of the Hindu Shiv Sena political party, stormed several theaters, breaking windows, tearing down posters, and threatening theater managers with further mayhem if the film continued to be shown.

Fire had originally been cleared by India's film censorship board, but was sent back for re-certification in light of the protests.

Shiv Sena member Meena Kulkarni alleges that the film is alien to Indian culture and "poisons our women. It makes them think about something immoral."

According to director Mehta, "Lesbian relationships are part of the Indian heritage, and the film brings into the public domain the hypocrisy and tyranny of the patriarchal family [and] the issue of women's sexuality."

MORE SODOMY LAWS ON THE WAY OUT

The repeal of Rhode Island's sodomy law, reported last issue, was apparently the start of a trend. On Nov. 23, the Georgia Supreme Court overturned that state's sodomy law by a vote of 6 to 1. The Georgia law applied to both homosexual and heterosexual sodomy. The test case involved a man convicted of consensual oral sex with his 17-year-old niece.

Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

According to Chief Justice Robert Benham, "We cannot think of any other activity that reasonable persons would rank as more private and more deserving of protection from governmental interference than consensual, private adult sexual activity."

Georgia was the site of the conviction that led to the *Bowers v. Hardwick* case in 1986, in which the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the state's sodomy law. The November ruling by the state Supreme Court does not have a bearing on the federal court's ruling on a nationwide basis, but does take precedence in Georgia.

In related news, two men in Houston, TX were arrested and jailed on Sept. 17 for engaging in consensual anal sex. Police entered the home of one of the men after they received a false report of an armed intruder, apparently called in by a disgruntled ex-lover. The men, John Geddes Lawrence and Tyrone Garner, were found guilty in December and fined \$200 each.

Gay activists are hailing the case as a perfect opportunity to challenge the rarely enforced law, which applies only to homosexual conduct. A challenge cannot be brought on theoretical grounds, but requires an actual case in which someone is harmed by the law and is willing to follow through with the appeals process.

Finally, long-time gay activist Frank Kameny issued a public solicitation to sodomy on a Virginia radio show, saying, "I hereby solicit, urge, entreat, and invite every person in the state of Virginia of the age of 18 years or above to engage with me in an act of sodomy of his or her choice... This solicitation includes, but certainly is not limited to all police chiefs and police officers, other law enforcement officials, prosecutors under whatever formal title, and judges in the state of Virginia."

Kameny's intent is to challenge that state's law against solicitation for sodomy. So far, no word on whether anyone has taken him up on his offer.

COMPUTER CENSORSHIP LAW GOES TO TRIAL

The trial of the Child Online Protection Act (COPA), a law that would restrict sexually explicit material on the Internet, began on Jan. 20 in Philadelphia.

The law, informally known as CDA II, is a re-worked version of the Communications Decency Act, which the Supreme Court ruled unconstitutional in June 1997. In that case, the court ruled that the CDA was overly broad and would limit adults to viewing only material that was suitable for children. The new law imposes a narrower standard of "harmful to minors," and applies only to commercial Web sites.

A coalition of 17 plaintiffs — including the American Civil Liberties Union, the Electronic Frontier Foundation, A Different Light bookstore, the *Philadelphia Gay News*, and *Salon* online magazine — filed a suit challenging the law in October. In November, U.S. District Judge Lowell A. Reed, Jr., issued a temporary restraining order blocking enforcement of the act while the trial is underway. The plaintiffs assert that the "harmful to minors" wording is too vague and that the measure would chill free expression.

GRINCHES STOP CONDOM TREE

To commemorate World AIDS Day on Dec. 1, AIDS prevention advocates had planned to display a "Tree of Life" Christmas tree decorated with condoms during a concert at New York City's Wollman skating rink in Central Park.

The tree — and the concert — were cancelled by the rink's managers after complaints from city officials and the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights. Mayor Rudolph Giuliani called the condom tree "one of the most idiotic ideas I have ever heard of." Cassie Ederer, a spokeswoman for

event sponsor Levi Strauss, said, "The goal is to get people, especially young people, to talk about condoms and safe sex. Saving lives definitely outweighs the controversy."

UPDATE: SEX CRACKDOWN IN NEW YORK CITY

As reported in *ATM* Issue #17, New York City has instituted a drastic rezoning plan that would close or relocate most of the city's sex-oriented businesses. Under the 1995 ordinance, sex businesses such as peep shows, massage parlors, and porn shops cannot be in residential areas or within 500 feet of a school, place of worship, or another sex business.

Sex business proponents tried every possible avenue of legal appeal, claiming that the plan was a violation of the First Amendment right to freedom of expression. A New York state appeals court upheld the ordinance, and in July 1998, the federal Second Circuit Court of Appeals declined to overturn that ruling. Finally, in January, the Supreme Court rejected a pair of free speech-based appeals, and allowed the city's regulations to remain on the books.

Some sex shops and porn palaces have explored creative ways to remain open. Some

stores are stocking 60% non-sex-related merchandise, and formerly nude dancers have donned bikinis. One strip club recently announced that it would admit minors because the law's wording targets "adult" establishments. City officials estimated that all but about 20 of the city's 155 sex establishments would have to move or close, and many have already shut their doors.

QUEER BOOKS OK IN CANADIAN LIBRARIES

In December, the Supreme Court of British Columbia, Canada, ruled that a school district could not bar books about same-sex relationships. The school board of Surrey, a suburb of Vancouver, had banned three titles from grade school classrooms on religious grounds. The three books — *Asha's Mum*, *One Dad, Two Dads, Brown Dads, Blue Dads*, and *Belinda's Bouquet* — are children's books that describe families with same-sex relationships. The suit was brought by a group of teachers and parents who claimed that the ban violated Canada's Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Noting that the B.C. School Act stipulates that all school business must be conducted "on strictly secular and non-sectarian principles," Supreme Court Justice Mary Saunders ruled that the school board must review the books again based on the principles outlined.

with pimping. The arrest occurred when Anna's Touch, a strip-tease/massage studio operated by Dragon's wife Zia, was broken into by five assailants who robbed and bludgeoned a woman.

When police responded, they seized videos, BDSM gear, money, and clothing from the studio and the couple's home. With the new evidence, they charged Dragon and Zia with pandering and running a house of ill fame. Zia is currently in hiding. Dragon was held in jail for four weeks until a high bail could be raised. Women who worked at the studio have testified that Dragon was not part of the business, yet he faces three to 10 years in prison.

Supporters believe that Dragon is being targeted because of his modern primitive appearance and his open embrace of alternative sexuality and religion. His trial began on Jan. 19 and ran for a week. The district attorney insisted on showing seized videos of S/M play and shamanic rituals, despite the fact that these had nothing to do with the charges against the defendant.

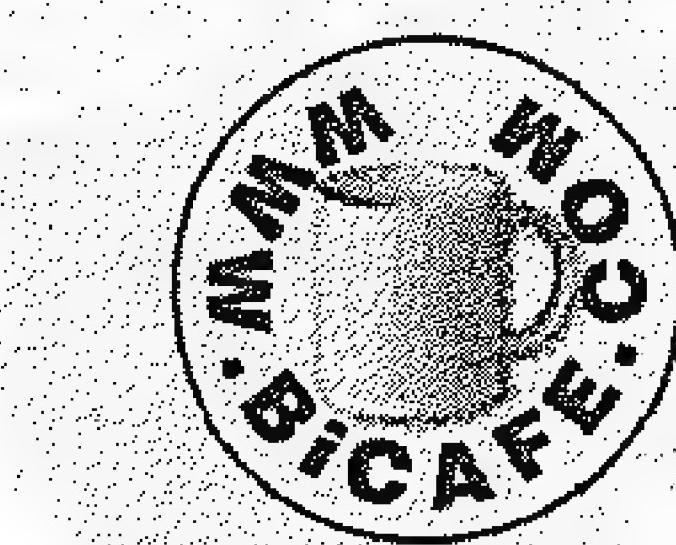
On Jan. 26, a jury found Dragon guilty on all counts, and he was returned to custody. Sentencing is scheduled for March 5; he faces up to 10 years in jail. Financial support for Dragon's legal defense is urgently needed.

For more information, see the Web site at www.millenniumgroup.org/dragon.

CA SEX RADICAL BUSTED

Dragon (a.k.a. Brian Mangan), a Santa Barbara sex radical known to many in the bi, poly, Pagan, and S/M communities, was arrested in early September and charged

Liz Highleyman is a freelance journalist and health educator. She is associate editor of the anthology *Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions* (Haworth Press, 1995).



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About BABN

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN sponsors a speakers' network of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles, and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415-703-7977, voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.

BIS BEYOND THE BAY

AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030.
www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html

BINET USA: National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing, and political activism toward a multicultural, co-gendered, bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter, conferences. Info: P.O. Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787 USA. 202-986-7186.

BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER: Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. P.O. Box 639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617-424-9595.

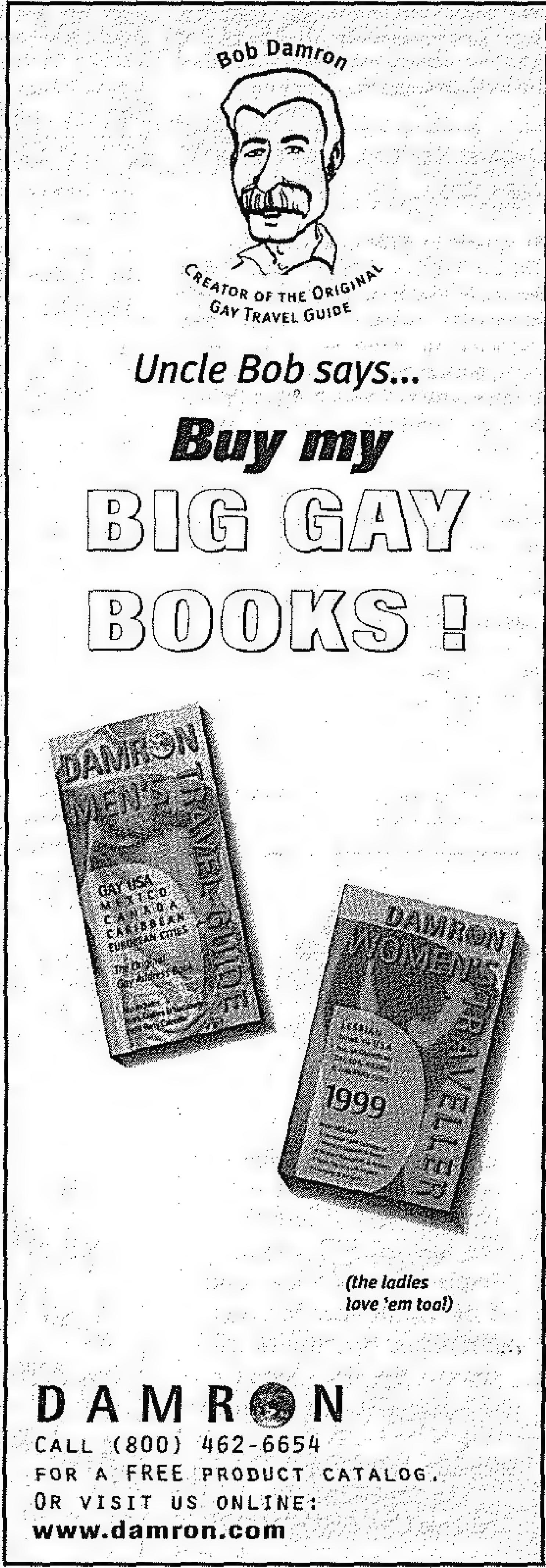
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Anything That Moves is interested in listing international bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

**Bi Resources Listings
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Anything That Moves welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. We are particularly interested in work by bi/pan/or-similar-sexuals, people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV, as well as material not previously published and/or from new or unpublished writers.

WRITERS:

ATM accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports on the bisexual community or individuals.

FEATURES & INTERVIEWS: *ATM* publishes features relating to any angle of bisexual life — cultural, lifestyle, spiritual, sexual, health, relationship, political... you name it. Please, 2,500 words or less.

FICTION/NON-FICTION: Any fiction content is up for consideration and need not address bisexuality specifically; however, bisexual content is given priority. *ATM* also provides space for writers to explore contemporary issues related to bisexuality that are editorial in nature — personal opinions and viewpoints. Please, 2,500 words or less.

REVIEWS: *ATM* publishes reviews of books, film, music, exhibits, theater, and anything else related to bisexual artists, topics, and/or themes as well as subjects of interest to bisexuals. Reviews should not exceed 400 words. Black & white photos or stats of reviewed book jackets, or black & white theatrical/portfolio promotional photos to accompany reviews, are greatly appreciated.

A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

Anything That Moves is seeking artistically verbose illustrators, artists, photographers and cartoonists. Erotic/nude photos will be considered. All photos containing models or subjects with identifiable and/or copyrighted likenesses must be accompanied by a signed photo release form and age statement. Illustrations must be submitted in stat, velox, or electronic (TIF, JPG, or EPS, 600 dpi) form. Do not submit originals, as *ATM* cannot be responsible for them. Photographer's, designer's or illustrator's name, address, and phone number must be attached to the back of each submission. Contact Art Director Amy Conger at (415) 626-5069, or email artmail@anythingthatmoves.com for more information.

THE FINE PRINT, PART I:

Submissions must be typed, double-spaced, on clean white paper and must include the article's name and word count on each page. Please include the author's name, address, phone number and email address, if applicable, on the cover letter and the last page of the submission.

PLEASE NOTE:

All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere.

Send all submissions to: *Anything That Moves*: Submissions, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600. Manuscripts may also be emailed to: submit@anythingthatmoves.com.

JOIN THE PARTY!

Anything That Grooves still needs SF Bay Area-based volunteers to help throw Switchboard, our bi-monthly '80s/rock/techno dance party. If you've got the groove to help us move, contact ATG Coordinator Kat Page at (415) 626-5069, or email events@anythingthatmoves.com for more info.

THE FINE PRINT, PART II:

Submissions must include a SASE. Handwritten, illegible, or single-spaced copy will be returned. *ATM* gladly accepts manuscripts on disk *only* if accompanied by a hard copy, as you know how finicky disks-through-the-mail can be. Disk submissions by disk must be saved in MS Word for Macintosh 4.0 through 6.0 format; we cannot translate MS Word 98.

Notification of acceptance will be made within 6-8 weeks, although publication dates cannot be given (accepted material is often kept on file and considered for each new issue). Accepted material cannot be returned. Do not send originals, as *ATM* will not be responsible for them. Rejected material returned only if accompanied by the correct amount of postage.

Pen names are permitted; however, the author's real name, address, and phone number must accompany the submission.

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they don't mean 'queer'

they mean...



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bi women and lesbians

bisexual, lesbian and gay

bi and gay men
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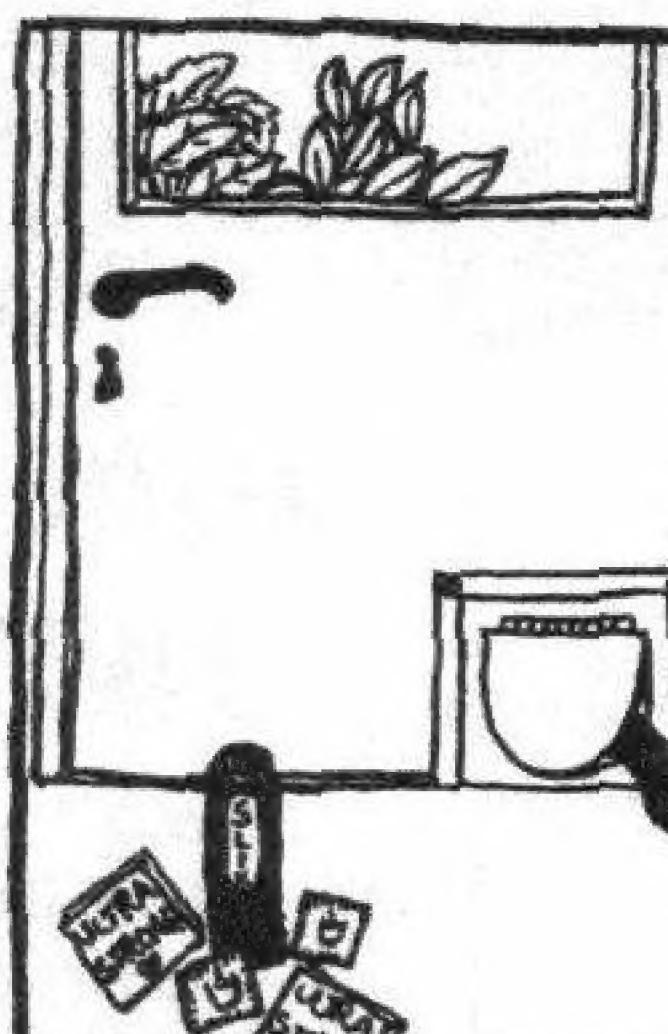
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Toward a new national discussion of sexual orientation.



If you really love someone, you'll tell them the truth.

The Christian Coalition, Family Research Council, Concerned Women for America, and the American Family Association (partial list) used this slogan in recently published anti-gay ads claiming to have cured homosexuals of their behavior. The ensuing debates on morality, genetics or unlearning behavior all miss an important point — we have the right to love whomever we choose. The truth is, human sexuality is far more rich and multifaceted than we're taught to believe. The truth is that neither science, nor politics, nor religion can yet define the genesis of sexual orientation. Most likely each of us is a complex mix of nature and nurture.

The truth is, many people are bisexual.

Bisexual people have the capacity for emotional, romantic, loving and/or physical attraction to more than one gender. Some of these so-called ex-gays are undoubtedly bisexual. Bisexuals can choose to be open to the full range of possibilities, but our bisexuality is the potential, not the requirement, for involvement with more than one gender. Some bisexual people choose to be in committed monogamous relationships; some choose other forms of relationships and commitments. Heterosexual and homosexual people also make these choices.

Bisexuals come from all cultures, all religious and spiritual beliefs, all sizes and abilities, all social strata and walks of life. Some of us are just like you. Some of us are nothing like you. But we are bound together by one important factor: we believe in the freedom to love whom we choose.

The truth is, love is about honor and respect for yourself and others.

The truth is, these ads sow hatred and intolerance. These organizations are seeking to define sexuality, gender, and family solely in their own image. It is an offense to the human spirit for any group to impose their beliefs as the one true way and to tell people to reject and hate themselves and each other because they do not fit a certain mold. That is not love.

Love, between people who care for each other regardless of the genders involved, is an important family value that strengthens our society and enriches all our lives. Love is an essential part of life and a celebration of the human spirit. The truth is that the families we create, in whatever form, are precious and entitled to respect and to equal protection under the law.

The truth is, love makes a family.

As human beings we are born with the right and ability to love, to change and to choose as we grow. We must all have the option to choose to get married or not. We must all have the right to have and to raise children or not. All our relationships and families must be equally valued. We must have the right to walk down the street holding hands without the threat of violence. We must have the right to live, to work and love without fear of discrimination of any sort. We must have the right to make our own moral and ethical decisions based on our own personal integrity.

THE TRUTH IS, ALL OF US – BISEXUAL, LESBIAN, GAY, TRANSGENDER, HETEROSEXUAL – DESERVE THE RIGHT TO LOVE WHOM WE CHOOSE.

In the public interest, this message has been sponsored by the following organizations (partial list), representing the views of millions of Americans.

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www.anythingthatmoves.com

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International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commission

www.iglhrc.org

Intersexed Society of North America
www.isna.org

LLEGO: The Nat'l Latina/o Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual & Transgender Organization
AquiLGBT@LLEGO.ORG

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Nat'l Center for Lesbian Rights
info@NCLRights.org

Nat'l Gay & Lesbian Task Force
www.ngltf.org

Nat'l Youth Advocacy Coalition
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Parents, Families & Friends of Lesbians & Gays
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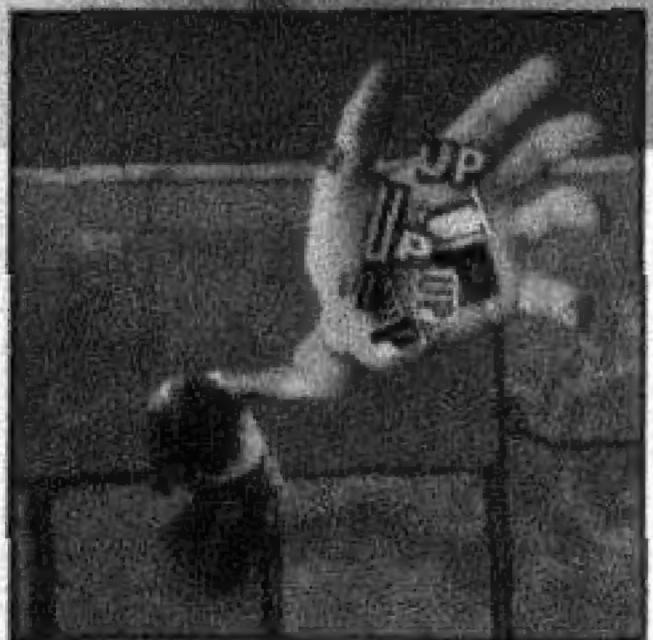
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